THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

THE WORKS

OF

DEAN SWIFT;

EMBRACING

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,

TALE OF A TUB, BATTLE OF THE BOOKS, ETC.

WITH A

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY REV. JOHN MITFORD;

AND

COPIOUS NOTES, BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL. D.

NEW-YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN, 27 DEY STREET.
1854

PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, which are here presented in an accessible and attractive form, have been justly styled "a great moral romance." A grave and serious purpose is hidden under the disguise of the wildest invention and the most grotesque humour. The original design of the Voyage to Lilliput was to satirize the enemies of the author. The story is but the shaft and feathering of the arrow, which give force and direction to its barbed head. The Notes appended to this edition point out, as far as possible after so many years, the immediate objects satirized. Had it, however, only a personal aim, the book would have perished with the persons and events to which it owed its origin; but as a keen and biting satire upon follies and vices of perennial growth, it has acquired a lasting reputation. Lilliput is not the only nation where high offices, lofty stations, and great employments are gained by creeping and crawling before the governing power, whether prince or populace. The petty game of court intrigue and state policy is none the less contemptible because the players are six feet instead of as many inches high. The seven-inch monarch of Lilliput had as good a right to the passive obedience of his subjects as have his seven-feet brethren. Viewed from the height of a few

2026882

hundred feet we are no larger than the Lilliputians. From the distance of the moon—but a step into infinite space—kingdoms would seem less than ant-hills. The distinction between *High-heels* and *Low-heels* is quite as intelligible and important as many in respect to which party lines have been most strictly drawn. Our theological world has been convulsed by controversies—*Filioque*, *Homoousian*, and *Homoiousian*, to say nothing of others of more recent date—not a whit more essential than that of the *Big-endians* and the *Little-endians*, and which have been none the less fiercely waged because neither party was able to comprehend his own opinion or that of his adversary. But while follies and vices become ridiculous and odious when enlarged to Brobdingnagian or contracted to Lilliputian dimensions, no noble deed, lofty purpose, or wise aim loses any thing of its worth or dignity. These arise not from our acts—which are all, great as well as small, infinitely little—but from the spirit in which they are performed.

The Life of Swift presents a practical satire no less keen than his writings, and its perusal will furnish food for the considerate, and reproof to the wayward and reckless.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Preface 3
Life of Swift 13

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.

The Author gives some Account of Himself and Family—his first Inducements to Travel—he is shipwrecked, and swims for his Life—gets safe on Shore in the Country of Lilliput—is made a Prisoner, and carried up the Country . . 81

CHAPTER II.

The Emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the Nobility, comes to see the Author in his Confinement—the Emperor's Person and Habit described—learned Men appointed to teach the Author their Language—he gains Favour by his Mild Disposition—his Pockets are searched, and his Sword and Pistols taken from him . . 101

CHAPTER III.

The Author diverts the Emperor, and his Nobility of both sexes, in a very uncommon manner—the Diversions of the Court of Lilliput described—the Author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions 118

CHAPTER IV.

Mildendo, the Metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the Emperor's Palace—a conversation between the Author

and a principal Secretary, concerning the affairs of that Empire—the Author offers to serve the Emperor in his wars 132

CHAPTER V.

The Author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion—a high Title of Honour is conferred upon him—Ambassadors arrive from the Emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for Peace—the Empress's Apartments on Fire by accident; the Author instrumental in saving the rest of the Palace 141

CHAPTER VI.

Of the Inhabitants of Lilliput; their Learning, Laws, and Customs; the manner of educating their Children—the Author's way of living in that Country—his Vindication of a great Lady 152

CHAPTER VII.

The Author being informed of a design to accuse him of High Treason, makes his Escape to Blefuscu—his Reception there 168

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his Native Country 181

Ode to Quinbus Flestrin, by Titty Tit, Esq. . . 191

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.

A great Storm described; the Long Boat sent to fetch Water, the Author goes with it to discover the Country—he is left on Shore, is seized by one of the Natives, and carried to a Farmer's House—his reception, with several accidents that happened there—a description of the Inhabitants . 195

CHAPTER II.

A description of the Farmer's Daughter—the Author carried to a Market-Town, and then to the Metropolis—the particulars of his Journey 217

CHAPTER III.

The Author sent for to Court—the Queen buys him of his Master the Farmer, and presents him to the King—he disputes with his Majesty's great Scholars—an Apartment at Court provided for the Author—he is in high favour with the Queen—he stands up for the honour of his own Country—his Quarrels with the Queen's Dwarf . 226

CHAPTER IV.

The Country described—a proposal for correcting modern Maps—the King's Palace, and some account of the Metropolis—the Author's way of Travelling—the chief Temple described 242

CHAPTER V.

Several Adventures that happened to the Author—the Execution of a Criminal—the Author shows his skill in Navigation 250

CHAPTER VI.

Several contrivances of the Author to please the King and Queen—he shows his skill in Music—the King inquires into the State of England, which the Author relates to him—the King's Observations thereon 265

CHAPTER VII.

The Author's love of his Country—he makes a Proposal of much advantage to the King, which is rejected—the King's great ignorance in Politics—the Learning of that Country very imperfect and confined—the Laws and Military Affairs, and parties in the State 282

CHAPTER VIII.

The King and Queen make a progress to the Frontiers—the Author attends them—the manner in which he leaves the Country very particularly related—he returns to England 292

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

Gulliver fastened to the Earth by the Lilliputians, . . 87
Gulliver throwing away the empty Wine Casks, . . 93
Gulliver terrifying a Lilliputian, ... 105
Gulliver's Property removed to the Royal Stores, . . 116
Lilliputian Army passing under Gulliver's Legs, . 126
Gulliver walking in the Streets, ... 133
Gulliver swimming after the Enemy's Fleet, . . 142
Lilliputian Sempstresses measuring Gulliver, . . 162
Ingenious method adopted by his Tailors, ... 163
Cutting Timber to fit up his Vessel, ... 186
A Boy discovers Land, ... 200
Gulliver in the hand of the Brobdingnag Labourer, . 206
Gulliver struck with surprise at seeing two Dogs, . 211
Glumdalclitch undressing Gulliver, ... 218
Apartment contrived for Gulliver, ... 233
Gulliver cutting down Wasps, ... 240
Gulliver in the mouth of the Gardener's Dog, . . 252
Gulliver carried off by an Eagle, ... 295
Gulliver at Supper with the Captain, . . . 307

THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

LIFE OF SWIFT.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN MITFORD.

JONATHAN SWIFT, the Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin, was descended from the younger branch of the family of the Swifts in Yorkshire. His grandfather was the Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire. He died in the year 1658, leaving ten sons and three or four daughters, with no other fortune than a very small patrimonial estate, almost destroyed by the fines and sequestrations which he drew on himself for his activity in the cause of Charles I. Jonathan Swift, the father of our author, was the sixth or seventh son of the Vicar of Goodrich; in consequence of his elder brother, Godwin, being appointed attorney-general of the Palatinate of Tipperary, under the Duke of Ormond, after the Restoration, Jonathan, who was also bred to the law, followed him into Ireland. There he married Abigail Ericke of Leicestershire, a lady of ancient family, but no fortune. In Ireland he had some employments and agencies, and was appointed steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dublin, in 1665. After having held his appointment two years, he died, leaving an infant daughter, and his widow then pregnant, in so destitute a situation as to be unable to defray the expenses of her husband's funeral. Her brother-in-law

Godwin, was her chief support. On the 30th of November, 1667, being St. Andrew's day, she was delivered of a son; and the house where the celebrated author, whose life we are now writing, was born is still pointed out. It is No. 7, of Hoey's Court, Dublin; the appearance of its antiquity seems not to oppose the correctness of the tradition; it is small, and was, not many years since, occupied by Mrs. Jackson, a dealer in earthen ware.

The nurse to whom the care of the infant was entrusted was a native of Whitehaven; being summoned to attend the request of a dying relation, she clandestinely, but out of pure affection, carried away the child with her; his mother was unwilling to risk the insecurity of a second voyage, and permitted it to remain with its faithful and affectionate protector for three years, when she returned to Ireland, and proved that she had been as careful of its education, as she was attached to its person.

At the age of six, Swift was sent to the school of Kilkenny, and at fourteen admitted into the university of Dublin. He was entirely dependent for his support upon the allowance made to him by his uncle Godwin; this was hardly more than would cover the necessities of life; for his uncle had a numerous family of his own, and had much injured his fortune by imprudent speculations. Swift was either not aware of his uncle's circumstances, or if he were, the smallness of his beneficence was not sufficient to awaken his gratitude; for when once questioned about it, rather roughly, at a visitation dinner, he answered the insulting question in a loud and bitter accent,—"Yes! he gave me the education of a dog."

While he was at the university, he appears to have

disliked and neglected the line of study which was at that time cultivated; and a proficiency in which was necessary for the attainment of his degree. Instead of mastering the intricacies of the old Treatises on Logic, written by those great men, Smeglesius, Kechermannus, and Burgesdicius, he passed his time more agreeably in reading poetry and history, and he told his tutor that he could reason without the assistance of the artificial rules of logic. There is a proof, however, that though he turned aside from the path of academic study, his voluntary reading was extensive and various, for he had drawn up a rough sketch of the Tale of a Tub, which he communicated to his friend, Mr. Waryng. The first time he sate for his degree it was refused him; and so pertinaciously did he adhere to his determination not to attend to the necessary line of studies, that when he went up a second time, he succeeded only through the interest of his friends. It was inserted in the College Register, that he attained his degree Speciali gratia. In going through the forms of disputation, he told Dr. Sheridan that he was utterly unacquainted even with the logical terms, and answered the arguments of his opponents in his own manner and words. His biographer adds, that there was one circumstance in the account which Swift gave him that surprised him with regard to his memory; for he told him the several questions on which he disputed, and repeated all the arguments used by his opponents in their syllogistic forms. He remained, in the college, nearly three years after this, not through choice but necessity. Little known or regarded, by scholars he was esteemed a blockhead; and as the lowness of his circumstances would not allow him to keep company of an equal rank with himself, or on an equal footing, he scorned to take

up with those of a lower class, or to be obliged to those of a higher. He lived therefore much alone, and his time was employed in pursuing his course of reading in history and poetry, then very unfashionable studies for an academic; or in gloomy meditations on his own unhappy circumstances.

Soon after this time, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of business, and the embarrassed state of his affairs became known. Another uncle, William, for a short period supplied to our author the place of his former benefactor; and though he had not the means of enlarging the extent of his bounty, he bestowed it with so much more willingness and grace, as to receive that gratitude from Swift which he deserved. But Swift's chief hopes now rested on his cousin Willoughby, the eldest son of his uncle Godwin, a merchant at Lisbon: nor was he disappointed in his expectations; a supply arrived at the very time when it was needed; and the incidents attending it shall be related in the words of his biographer. "Swift, without a penny in his purse, was despondingly looking out of his chamber window to gape away the time, and happened to cast his eye on a seafaring man, who seemed to be making inquiries after somebody's chambers; the thought immediately came into his head that this might be some master of a vessel, who was the bearer of a present to him from his cousin at Lisbon. He saw him enter the building with pleasing expectation, and soon after heard a rap at his door, which he eagerly opening, was accosted by the sailor with, 'Is your name Jonathan Swift?' 'Yes.' 'Why then, I have something for you from Master Willoughby Swift of Lisbon.' He then drew out a large leather bag, and poured out the contents, which were silver

coins, upon the table. Swift, enraptured at the sight, in the first transports of his heart, pushed over a large number of them, without reckoning, to the sailor, as a reward for his trouble; but the honest tar declined taking any, saying, That he would do more than that for good Master Willoughby. This was the first time that Swift's disposition was tried with regard to the management of money; and he said that the reflections of his constant suffering through the want of it, made him husband it so well, that he was never afterward without something in his purse."

Soon after this, on the breaking out of the war in Ireland, Swift left that country to visit his mother at Leicester, and to consult with her on his future plans and prospects of life. He was now in his one-and-twentieth year, not qualified by particular study for any profession, except, perhaps, for the church; his academical reputation was not advantageous to him; the recluseness of his life had rendered him little known; and the spleen and severity of his temper had not attracted many friends.

Without any letter of recommendation to introduce him in England, and without any acquaintance who could assist him, Swift left Chester on foot to visit a mother, who was herself dependent on the precarious bounty of her friends. With her he remained some months, and requested her advice as to the course which he should pursue. Most fortunately she recollected that the lady of Sir William Temple was her relation, that there had been an intimacy between the families, that Thomas Swift had been chaplain to Sir William Temple, and had been provided for by him in the church. She therefore recommended her son to go to Sir William Temple, and communicate to him his

depressed situation and gloomy prospects. When he arrived at Shene, the residence of the retired statesman, his story was listened to with compassionate attention; he was cheerfully received into his house, and treated with kindness and generosity. Although he was not admitted to much personal familiarity with his illustrious kinsman, yet he found in his house what was of invaluable advantage, sound advice with regard to the prosecution of his studies, and a secure and elegant retirement where he could pursue them undisturbed.

For eight years he followed a system of study, according to his own account, of not less than eight hours a day. Among other books, he is known to have read Cyprian and Irenæus. The first interruption of this studious course of life, was occasioned by an illness produced by a surfeit of fruit, which brought on a coldness of stomach and giddiness of head that he never afterwards could shake off. At one time, his physician advised that he should try the effects of his native air, and he left Moor Park (to which Sir William had removed) for Ireland; but finding himself worse, he returned, and when his illness abated, resumed with fresh vigour his interrupted studies.

About this time, Sir William Temple began to discover some of the valuable parts of his relative's character; and Swift says, that he then grew in confidence with him. He was present at the confidential interviews between King William and the statesman; and when the latter was confined to his room with the gout, the duty of attending on the king devolved on Swift. It is said, that the king offered him a troop of horse; and he showed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch fashion. It is probable that he obtained some promise of preferment in the church; for, in a letter dated 1692,

he says to his uncle, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

In 1692, he went to Oxford to take his Master's degree, to which he was admitted on the 5th of July, 1692. From Oxford he paid a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor Park. He now was anxious to establish himself independently in the world, and he looked for that preferment which had been promised. But suspicions grew in his mind, that Sir William Temple was not so forward in assisting him as he could wish, and feared that Swift would leave him when he was provided for. Perhaps his society was become not only convenient and agreeable, but even necessary to one far advanced in life, declining in health, and afflicted with painful disorders. Besides, Temple was very anxious to have an accurate and correct copy of all his writings; and Swift's assistance in this respect was invaluable. The work, however, which the aged and experienced statesmen was to bequeath to posterity, advanced but slowly, and Swift's impatience could ill bear any longer delay. After remaining two years longer at Moor Park, he determined to leave his patron, and take his chance in the world. Sir William received the communication with marks of displeasure; but offered him a small place, worth about a hundred pounds a year, then vacant in Ireland: Swift replied, "That since he had now an opportunity of living without being *driven into the church for a maintenance*, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." This answer conveyed his belief of the insincerity, and his feelings of the indelicacy of Sir William's proposal; and they parted with resentment at least on one side, and displeasure on both.

He procured a slight recommendation to Lord Capel

ther lord deputy of Ireland, and was ordained in September, 1694, being then almost twenty-seven years old. Soon after, Lord Capel gave him the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about a hundred pounds a year. To this place Swift repaired to discharge the duties of his office, and taste, for the first time, the sweets of independence. But there were many serious drawbacks on his happiness; he was placed in a very obscure situation and in a half-civilized country; he enjoyed none of the charms of society, or the advantages of enlightened conversation: his mind looked back with regret to the delights which Moor Park had so long afforded; he was also reluctant that his talents and his ambition should be buried in the seclusion of a distant and deserted place; and having received a kind letter from Sir William himself, which proved that all animosities had subsided, and which contained an invitation to his house, Swift resigned his living, and hastened to England, after a little more than a year's absence. His residence with Sir William Temple was now voluntary; and they appear to have lived in mutual confidence and esteem. Swift maintained his same diligent pursuit of study, and performed the duties of chaplain in the family.

Swift took on himself the office of preceptor to a niece of Sir W. Temple, who resided in the house; and, at the same time, Miss Esther Johnson, so well known as Stella, shared the benefits of the instructor. Miss Johnson was daughter of a gentleman of good family in Nottingham, by profession a merchant in London; she was about fourteen years of age, very beautiful, possessing fine talents, and it is not to be wondered at, that Swift took peculiar pleasure in cultivating and improving her mind, though he probably

little thought how closely their fortunes and their fame were hereafter to be united. He wrote his digressions in the Tale of a Tub and the Battle of the Books at this time.

Sir W. Temple died in the year 1699, leaving Swift a legacy and the advantage to be derived from publishing his posthumous writings. He also obtained from King William a promise of a stall at Canterbury or Westminster for him. How much Swift esteemed him, may be seen in a part of the register which he kept of Sir William's illness, where he concludes:—"He died at 1 o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men." From another memorandum copied by Thomas Steele, Esq. jun. we have this further character of his patron:—"He was a person of the greatest wisdom, justice, liberality, politeness, elegance, of his age and nation. The truest lover of his country, and one that deserved more from it, by his eminent public services, than any man before or since, besides his great deserving of the Commonwealth of having been universally esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time."

On the death of Sir W. Temple, Swift removed to London, and his first care was to discharge the trust reposed on him of publishing a full and correct edition of his patron's works. This he dedicated to the king. After waiting some time for the fulfilment of the promise made for his advancement in the church, he addressed a memorial to the monarch; but it is said that Swift had reason to believe that the Earl of Romney, who promised to second it with all his interest, in fact suppressed it, and never mentioned it at all. After waiting some time in vain, he relinquished his hopes of preferment and accepted the offer made to him by Lord

Berkeley of attending him to Ireland as his private secretary and chaplain. When they arrived at Dublin, he found himself supplanted in the former office by a person of the name of Bush, who had ingratiated himself into his lordship's favour. Swift's indignation, ever ready to awaken at the first appearance of insult, took flame, and he lampooned without mercy the governor and his new made secretary, in a copy of verses that were widely circulated. The rich deanery of Derry now fell vacant, and Swift applied for it. Lord Berkeley said it had been promised to Bush for another, but that perhaps the affair might be arranged. Swift had an interview with the Secretary, who frankly told him that he was to have a thousand pounds for it. Swift knew this could not be done without Lord Berkeley's participation, and made no other answer than "God confound you both for a couple of rascals." He then left the castle, resolving to see him no more. Lord Berkeley was, however, unwilling to exasperate a person who could so successfully revenge himself. and he therefore presented him to the rectory of Agher, and the vicarage of Laracor and Rath-beggin, in the diocese of Meath They were not worth, in value, a third of the deanery, but Swift had experienced sufficiently the uncertainty of courtly promises to trust much to the chances of the future, he, therefore, accepted them, and kept on friendly terms with his lordship, one inducement to which was, the respect he felt for the Countess, whose virtues and excellencies he has praised in his introduction to the Project for the Advancement of Religion.

It was at this time that his talent in light and humorous poetry was first displayed, which he wrote for the amusement of his lordship's family; but when the government of Ireland devolved on another person, Swift

etired to his living at Laracor, conscientiously discharging the duties of his office. It appears, from some letters which have found their way into the world, that he had been enamoured of a young lady of the name of Jane Waryng, sister of his chamber-fellow at college. As she had but a slender fortune of about £100 a-year, and Swift at that time was in possession of no certain income, her good sense and prudence made her resolve to delay their union till they were in possession of an income competent to their support. A letter from Swift, dated April, 1696, is published, which is written in the usual style of a complaining lover, and which accuses his Varina of formality and coldness, and too great an observance of the customs and opinions of the world. He tells her, "that he has resolved to die as he has lived—all hers; and that matrimony is a just and honorable *action*, which would furnish *health* to her." After he had obtained his preferment, which amounted to about £400 a-year. Varina, having her only objection removed, naturally looked forward to the fulfilment of their engagement; but the fascination of a more attractive person had begun to show its influence over our faithless lover's heart. A second letter appears, four years after the one mentioned (May, 1700), in which there is a very remarkable alteration of style and address. It is written in the terms of one anxious to escape from a connexion which he regrets ever to have formed. Every trifling excuse is found, and every imaginable impediment introduced, and there are demands made by him, and expressions used, which put their union on a footing so humiliating to the lady, that certainly no female could for a moment have entertained the idea of acquiescing in such a proposal. Though I have had no experience in love myself, and am ignorant

of the sensibilities and feelings of the female heart, yet I should think no lady could expect to be questioned by her lover concerning the state of her health and the cleanliness of her person; but the true cause of Swift's declining affections were now to be more clearly seen.

Stella, for so Esther Johnson must hereafter be called, was now eighteen; after the death of Sir W. Temple she resided with a lady of the name of Dingley, who was related to the family of Temple. Stella's fortune consisted of one thousand pounds, bequeathed by Sir William, and Mrs. Dingley's annuity was exceedingly small. When Swift, therefore, proposed to both the ladies to come over to Ireland to reside, where the interest of money was greater, and the price of living much less, it is no wonder that the invitation was received with pleasure. Soon after their arrival they took a lodging at Trim, a town situated near Laracor, and their presence and conversation reconciled him to his obscure retirement. Of the softer and romantic qualities of the heart, which open the avenues of love, Swift was entirely devoid; his mind was bent on higher objects, and interested in busier and more ambitious scenes. I have no doubt but that he regarded the blooming and beautiful Stella with the most sincere friendship, and with something more than a brotherly fondness and affection; but women turn every thing into love. If Stella did not mistake the nature of Swift's attachment, she did not consider the other passions of his mind which might oppose or weaken it; of most men she would probably have judged rightly; but unfortunately she had to speculate on the motives of a person eminently singular in his temper and thoughts, inclined to move out of the road which leads to general happiness, and to find one more congenial to his own

disposition. There is a kind of attachment which it is not always easy to distinguish from love, and which is yet distinct from it; either Stella's want of sagacity could not separate these, or her hopes and affections forced her to overlook the distinction. An event took place a year or two after this time, which we might conjecture would one way or another have brought Swift's feelings to a decision, and cleared up all the past ambiguity of his conduct. Stella received an offer of marriage from the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, a friend and companion of Swift's. Swift was, of course, consulted by her, and, we may suppose, with no common anxiety as to the result of his opinion. That he could not wish the offer to be accepted must be obvious; but the answer which he returned to Dr. Tisdall certainly left the field open to his solicitations; he says, "In answer, I will, upon my honour and conscience, tell you the naked truth. If my fortunes and *humour* served me to think of that state, I should certainly, of all persons on earth, make your choice, because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers. *This was the utmost I ever gave way to.* And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be any impediment to you." The proposal was, however, declined by Stella, doubtless from her great attachment to Swift, and her hopes of seeing her happiness confirmed by his marriage with her. "Swift," says Scott, "maintained a long acquaintance with Tisdall without ever liking him, and he certainly felt rivalry in the case of Stella."

In 1701, Swift went to London, leaving his parish and his charming companions, in the hopes, it is said, of discovering some opportunity of distinguishing himself;

and advancing his fortune. He found the public mind in a ferment, occasioned by the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Oxford, Lord Somers and Lord Halifax, by the House of Commons, on account of their share in the Partition Treaty; on this occasion he wrote his first political tract—"A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions of Athens and Rome." The name of the author was for some time unknown; but on his return to Ireland, in the heat of conversation, Swift confessed to Bishop Sheridan that he wrote it, while the Bishop insisted that it was written by Burnet: this is said to be the only instance that Swift was ever known to have owned directly any piece of his that came in secrecy before the public.

Early in the ensuing spring, King William died, and Swift, on his next visit to London, found Queen Anne upon the throne. The whigs had the whole administration of affairs within their hands, and they looked on Swift as a staunch adherent of their party; but he considered some of their measures dangerous and unconstitutional, and declined all the overtures which they anxiously made him. The principles on which he professed to act were too moderate to please any party, especially in a season of political excitement; more especially he differed with them in what he considered their indifference to the interests of the church. He described himself at this period, in his Verses to Ardelia (Mrs. Finch), as "a whig, and one who wears a gown," though a high church whig, as Scott observes, was a political character of which all parties refused to recognise the existence. He withdrew, therefore, again to his living, performed fully and exactly all the parochial duties of it. Once a year he visited his mother in Leicestershire, and occasionally mingled in the society

of London. During those years he wrote little, except his Meditations on a Broomstick, and the Critical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind. The former was a sportive imitation of the style in which Boyle's Meditations are written; and Swift gravely read it to Lady Berkeley as a genuine effusion of that pious and learned author.

Swift, at this time, was not acquainted with many authors of eminence. Congreve he had met at Sir William Temple's, and a ludicrous account is given of his first interview with Addison and Arbuthnot, at Button's Coffee House. But he was soon to be brought into more general notice. In 1704, the celebrated Tale of a Tub was published. Though it appeared without a name, yet it had been often shown in manuscript at Sir W. Temple's to his relatives and friends. Swift, with singular indifference to fame, had kept this piece by him for eight years after it had been completely finished. Of this book Dr. Johnson says, "Charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example." When this wild work first roused the attention of the public, Sacheverell meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, seeming to think him the author; but Smalridge answered with indignation,—"Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that we ever shall have, should hire me to write the Tale of a Tub." There can be no doubt but that the offence given by this work proved to be the real bar which prevented Swift's ever attaining an eminent situation in the church. The author hath reason (said Atterbury) to conceal himself, because of the profane strokes in that piece, which would do his reputation and interest in the world more harm than his wit can do him

good. After the publication of this work, Swift wrote nothing of consequence for three or four years. He formed, however, a very close connexion with Addison, which ripened into a sincere and lasting friendship. Swift considered his conversation to be the most agreeable he ever met with; and Addison appears to have thought most highly of the genius of Swift.

In 1708, he published several pieces on religious and political subjects. "The Argument against Abolishing Christianity" was allowed to be an admirable specimen of very successful irony. He wrote also the Sentiments of a Church of England Man, which was the cause of the first coolness between him and his original friends of the whig party. He had stated to Lord Somers that although he felt himself inclined to be a whig in politics, he was, as to clerical rights, a high churchman, and did not conceive how it was possible that one who wore the habit of a clergyman should not be so. But all attempts at reconciling high church politics to whig principles soon appeared to be desperate; and the interests of his order prevailed with Swift over his favour for the political principles of Somers and Godolphin. His letter on "The Sacramental Test" completed the alienation. He wrote also, The Sentiments of a Church of England Man (which was the cause of the first coolness between him and his original friends of the whig party) and the Ridicule of Astrology, under the name of Bickerstaff, and the Defence of the Sacramental Test. With regard to the last subject, Dr. Johnson remarks, "that the reasonableness of a test is not hard to be proved, but perhaps it must be allowed that the proper test has not been chosen." The attention paid to the papers under the name of Bickerstaff induced Steele, when he projected the Tatler, to assume an appellation that had

already gained possession of the reader's notice. The object of the Church of England Man was one that has invariably failed as often as it has been tried, which was to moderate the violence of two contending parties, and to propose an intermediate ground on which they could meet; he wished to drop the terms of high and low church, which were only calculated to keep up animosity; "and to set down a just, political, and religious creed, so far as related to a connexion between Church and State, as every honest subject of the Church of England must at once assent to."

The Whigs, who had narrowly escaped being turned out of office by the intrigues of Mr. Harley, and who had hitherto looked on Swift as an uncertain friend, who did not enter fully into their opinions, now coveted him, when they saw the great and various talents which he had displayed; they were willing to make him their champion whom they dreaded as their enemy; but Swift's opinions were firm, and proof against all solicitation: they therefore wished to remove him by giving him some honourable situation abroad; a secretaryship to the embassy at Vienna was mentioned; and what to Swift would have been a far more desirable appointment, a scheme was on foot to make him Bishop of Virginia, with a general authority over all the clergy in the American colonies.

In the year following he wrote "A Project for the Advancement of Religion," addressed to Lady Berkeley. "To this Project," says Johnson, "which is formed with just purity of intention, and displayed with sprightliness and elegance, it can only be objected, that like many projects, if not generally impracticable, it is yet evidently hopeless, as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason

for expecting." Sheridan considers that the treatise had a political purpose, and that under the appearance of disinterestedness inculcating the principles of religion and morality, it aimed at the destruction of the power of the Whigs.

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he remained till the following year, when the fall of the Whig ministry under Godolphin and Somers took place, and Mr. Harley and St. John came into power. He passed much of his time with Addison, secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant. He was also requested by the bishops of Ireland to take on him the charge of soliciting a remission of the first fruits and tenths to the clergy of that kingdom. He took the office with reluctance, but his regard for the interests of the church outweighed all other considerations, and he set out for England as soon as his credentials were ready. It may be observed, in Swift's correspondence with Archbishop King on this subject, how anxious he was that his friend Harley should have the merit of the grant to the clergy of Ireland; while the archbishop, not very partial to the new administration, was disposed to consider it as an act of the queen's personal bounty.

On his arrival in London, in September, 1700, Swift found that there was war declared between the two parties. There was no room for moderating measures; and he was obliged, according to his own principles of action, to choose the side on which he would act. The Whigs would gladly have made sacrifices to secure him, but the good fortune of the Tories prevailed; for Swift's political opinions (as Scott observes) turned chiefly upon zeal for the interests of his order. "I should be terribly vexed," he says in his Journal, "to see things come

round again; it would ruin the church and the clergy for ever." He was also enraged at his cool reception from Lord Godolphin, which he revenged by his lampoon of Sid Hamet, read at Harley's October 15, 1710, but not suspected to be Swift's. It had immense success.

Swift's office of soliciting the remission of the first fruits led to interviews with Harley, and the minister did not lose the favourable opportunity. Swift, it appears, had long been, in his own mind, of the Tory side, and he only waited a convenient juncture to declare himself. He was represented "as one extremely ill-used by the last ministry." Harley's condescension flattered his pride; his obliging behaviour secured his friendship, accordingly, after he had inquired into their plans, and the measures which they meant to pursue, and found them agreeable to his own sentiments, he entered into their interests with his whole heart. He says in his Journal, November 29, 1710, "The present ministry have a difficult task, and want me. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public, and, therefore, I am glad to contribute all that lies in my power." His account of his interview with Lord Radnor, proves how zealous a partisan he was. The writers on both sides had already taken the field. Addison, Burnet, Steele, Congreve, and Rowe, were the leaders of the Whigs. For the Tories appeared Bolingbroke, Freind, Atterbury, and Prior. The latter had begun a paper called "The Examiner," to which they all contributed; but as soon as Swift appeared, they gladly resigned the controversial flail into his powerful hands, who had returned from Ireland, stung with resentment at the neglect he had experienced from Lord Wharton, and burning with revenge

upon the whole Whig party. Addison soon detected the new auxiliary, and retired from the field, though Dr. Johnson considers that his papers were superior to his antagonist's. Swift's first paper was published on the 2nd of November, 1710. No. 13, which was little more than a month after his introduction to Harley, and he continued them till June 7, 1711, when he closed it with No. 45, leaving it to be carried on by other hands. He was then on terms of entire intimacy with the whole ministry; this he best preserved by a line of conduct, showing his independence and self-respect. Harley sent him a bank-note of fifty pounds. Swift had the good sense and prudence to return it, and was not reconciled to the minister till he had let him know that he expected to be treated on a footing of entire equality. One must feel a little surprise that Harley did not better understand the character of the person to whom this trifling remuneration was offered

The ministry had endeavoured to act upon a temporizing system. It stood, as Swift says, "like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side, and the violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them." Lord Somers was seen more than once in the queen's closet, and the Duchess of Somerset, an intriguing and insinuating woman, who had succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough, held the key. Again, he says, "we are plagued with an October club, that is, a set of above one hundred parliament men of the county, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult on affairs, and drive things to extremes against the Whigs. The minority is for gentle measures, and the other Tories for more violent." But there were also divisions in the

camp. Harley was reserved and mysterious in his conduct, and procrastinating in his measures, and St. John, though a person of great spirit and energy, wasted much important time in his pleasures and habits of dissipation. Swift expostulated, sometimes seriously, sometimes jocosely, with both. The Whig leaders he knew to be active and zealous, leaving nothing undone, while his friends were remiss in their operations, and not united in their counsels. Two points he thought of the utmost importance; the one was, to put an end to the cabals of the October club which threatened the most dangerous consequences to the ministry; the other was, to make a peace, without which he considered the ministry could not stand. The first point was accomplished without difficulty. He published a little pamphlet, called, "Some Advice to the Members of the October Club." They were satisfied with the reasonings, and dropped their meetings. The affair of the peace was of greater difficulty, for the disposition of the nation was for war, and the ministry dared not even hint a desire to put an end to it. Swift, however, undertook the task, and drew up, in consequence, his famous political tract, called, "The Conduct of the Allies." It is said, that between November and January eleven thousand were sold: the object of it, as is well known, was to prove that the war was maintained at a prodigious cost by us, solely through the avarice and ambition of Marlborough, and for the advantage of the allies. Certain, it seems, that the ministry were indebted to Swift for their immediate preservation from a destruction which appeared inevitable, and for the solid establishment of their future power. He found time amid political engagements to publish a proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue, in a letter to

the Earl of Oxford. The plan which he wished to institute for effecting this purpose, seems, if not absurd, at least, exceedingly defective; as Swift possessed no knowledge of those ancient languages, the parents of our own, which could alone safely guide him in his projected inquiries. The purity of a language will never be preserved by the laws of an academy, who themselves participate in the cause of its change, and who neither have power to effect its renewal, or delay its decline.

This year, 1712, he published his Reflections on the Barrier Treaty, showing how little regard had been shown in that negotiation to the interest of England, and how much had been claimed by the Dutch. This was followed by "Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the third volume of the History of the Reformation." Sheridan thinks highly of the humour and argument of these two pamphlets: he says, "This distinguishes Swift's political tracts from all others—that these were written for a day, his for perpetuity. They borrowed their chief merit from circumstances and times, he from the immensity of his genius. Their chief value arose from fashion, his from weight." Certainly Swift brought greater vigour of thought, richness of humour, variety of fancy, and pungency of satire to bear on political disquisitions than any writer of his day.

In 1713 the printer, Barker, was prosecuted by the House of Lords for "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," a pamphlet written in answer to a tract of Sir Richard Steele's, called "The Crisis." All the Scotch Lords then in London went to the Queen and complained of the affront put on them and their nation by the author; upon which a proclamation was published by her ma-

jesty, offering a reward of three hundred pounds tc discover him. Lord Oxford sent Swift a letter, written in a counterfeit hand, inclosing a hundred pound bill, to meet the expenses of the case.

The ministry were not unmindful of the great benefits which he had conferred upon them; but they found many serious obstacles in their way, when they attempted to reward him in the only manner which he deserved, by a suitable and dignified preferment in the church. The Duchess of Somerset returned Swift's hatred with interest; when he was recommended to a bishopric (the See of Hereford) she prevailed on Sharpe, the Archbishop of York, to oppose it, who advised the Queen, "That her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a Bishop, was a Christian." When asked for reasons to support his insinuations, he could only suppose that Swift was the author of the Tale of a Tub. But the Duchess had stronger arguments and better influence. She went to the Queen, with tears in her eyes, and throwing herself on her knees, presented that bitter copy of verses which Swift had written against her, called the Windsor Prophecy. The Queen shared in the resentment of her favourite, and the Bishopric was bestowed on another.

After many difficulties and much procrastination, arising from the Queen's dislike to bestow any preferment in England on Swift, and from Lord Oxford's unwillingness to part with him, in April 1713 the Deanery of St. Patrick was obtained for him, worth about seven hundred a year, and which he professed to consider only as an honourable exile. Swift was anxious for preferment in England, but it could not be obtained; and in June he set out, in no very good hu-

mour, for Ireland, to be installed. He had intended to remain some time, but after having passed through the necessary forms, he was recalled to England, to prevent by his efforts a rupture between his friends, Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke. He also applied himself to the finishing the History of the Peace of Utrecht, which he put into the hands of Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke for publication. Scarcely had he a second time returned to his deanery, than he was urgently sent for on the same hopeless errand of reconciling persons between whom there seemed to exist no cordiality or mutual esteem. This effort was as fruitless as the former, and Swift, after the most unavailing conference, returned to the house of his friend, Mr. Geary, at Letcomb; there he composed his Pamphlet, called "Some free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs;" in which the system of Tory government recommended is as daring, dangerous, and unconstitutional, as was ever advanced by a party-writer. He charges the ministers as the chief causes of the reigning disorders, and lays the greatest load of blame upon the man he loved best in the world, Lord Oxford. It is said, that he believed both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke were now more engaged in advancing their schemes of personal ambition, than anxious to discharge their duties to the public; and his object was to alarm their fears with the probability of their being deserted, both by their party and the Queen. The death of the latter, however, put a stop to the publication of his work. Swift's prospects of advancement or ambition, if he ever entertained any, were suddenly and permanently closed; and having nothing more to do in England, he returned to his deanery, where he resided for many years. It may be proper in this place to mention, that during the time when Swift possessed

influence over the ministry, he exercised it with most disinterested zeal to promote the advancement of men of genius and talent, who were directly opposed to him in politics. In his journal he says, "I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have permanently secured him the place he has, yet I am worse used by that faction than any man." He says, in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, "When I had credit for some years at Court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation." He procured the rectory of St. Andrew, Holborn, for Sacheverell, though he held him in no estimation, from a principle of justice, as he had rendered assistance to the ministry, who had appeared to neglect him.

On Swift's return to Ireland, he found the minds of persons in the highest ferment, and the Whigs triumphant. The stories fabricated in England that the late ministry designed to bring in the Pretender, were believed, and Tory and Jacobite were used as synonymous terms. Swift became the chief object on whom party vengeance vented its rage. He was insulted and even pelted by the populace in the streets; and the higher classes endeavoured to earn the favour of the government by treating him with insult: he drew up a petition to the House of Lords against the brutal and dangerous conduct of Lord Blaney. In such a situation

of affairs, the most prudent and wise part was chosen by him, of retiring to his deanery, arranging his domestic affairs, and discharging the duties of his situation. In a letter, dated Jan. 10, 1721, he tells Pope, "In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor the number of the family which now reigneth, further than the prayer book informeth me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are at peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal." And in a letter to Gay he gives the following account of himself. "I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find, and when I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, sleeping, walking, take up eighteen out of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence." In this manner he passed seven years of his life after his return to Ireland. He cultivated the acquaintance of a few persons whose society was agreeable to him. He enjoyed the conversation and company of Stella; and in his friend Dr. Sheridan he found one who could return alike his friendship and his wit. He maintained a correspondence with his former friends in England, with Lord Bolingbroke, Harley, Addison, Pope, Prior, and Arbuthnot: with

the Duchess of Ormond and Lady Bolingbroke. When Oxford was committed to the Tower, Swift wrote pressingly to him to be permitted to attend him there. His letter begins thus: "My Lord, it may look like an idle or officious thing in me to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances. Yet I could never forgive myself, if, after having been treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor services and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you on my own behalf, and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me."

Lord Oxford immediately on his release wrote him a letter breathing the warmest affection; and Bolingbroke helped to solace the hours of his exile, by recalling to Swift the happy hours they had formerly enjoyed together.

Two tracts were drawn up by him about this time: the one, written in 1714, Memoirs relating to that change which happened in the Queen's ministry in the year 1710. The other, An Inquiry into the behaviour of the Queen's last ministry, with relation to their quarrels among themselves, and the design charged upon them of altering the succession of the crown. The main object of these works was to exonerate the ministry from the charge so confidently brought against them of a design to bring in the Pretender. They were drawn up without any view to publication, but were intended as calm appeals to posterity in favour of his injured friends.

In the year 1710, when the ferment of political madness seemed to have subsided, he published his first tract relative to Ireland, entitled, A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures; the object was

to give a stimulus to the trade of Ireland, which was in a state of depression, by persuading the people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England, and by showing them that a great part of their poverty and distress was owing to their own folly. But those who had an interest in English trade took the alarm; the proposal was termed seditious, the printer was imprisoned, and the undue severity and suspicion of the Government secured the popularity of the author.

In the year 1724, a circumstance took place, which gave Swift an influence in Ireland, that no one probably has ever equally possessed. A person of the name of William Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a great proprietor and renter of iron works in England, obtained a patent, empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds worth of half-pence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, in which, at that time, there was a very inconvenient scarcity of copper coin, so that it was possible to run in debt on the credit of a piece of money; for a tradesman could not refuse to supply a man who had silver in his hand, and the purchaser would not leave his money without change. Sheridan says, that no one in Ireland was consulted on the subject, nor was any previous notice given to the Lord Lieutenant. The old copper coin was gathered up, it is said, by Wood's agents, and the new treasures were ready to be poured into the channels of trade, but it was boldly asserted that the coin was debased to an enormous degree; and Swift wrote his Drapier's Letters for the purpose of showing the folly of receiving a coinage not worth perhaps a third of its nominal value Swift did not deny that Ireland wanted half-pence, and silver, and gold, but he alleges "the fraudulent obtaining and executing of the patent, the baseness of the

metal, and the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth from foreign importations, and his own counterfeits, as well as those at home; whereby we most infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade." He urged that the patent was passed without the least reference to either and without mention of any security given by Wood, to receive his own half-pence on demand, both which were contrary to all former proceedings in like cases. "For my own part (he adds) who am but one man of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a law of my own country; and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people."

The facts of the case appear to be these. The emoluments arising from the disposal of the patent were given by Lord Sunderland to the Duchess of Kendal, who sold it to Wood. The Duke of Bolton, then lord lieutenant, had neither courage nor inclination to bring this embarrassing project forward; but the Duke of Grafton, who succeeded him, promised to support it. Walpole, on succeeding Sunderland, saw the difficulties, but yielded. When the Duke of Grafton arrived in Ireland, he found a general dislike to the measure. Lord Middleton, Chancellor of Ireland, opposed it strongly: a personal quarrel had arisen between him and the Duke of Grafton, which was fermented by the acts of Carteret, who was intriguing for Walpole's removal. The boasting and threatening conduct of

Wood was indiscreet; and the misconduct of Government much greater. The patent passed without the lord lieutenant or the privy-council being consulted. Walpole suffered the duke to depart without sufficient instructions how he was to act. In the mean time the dissensions spread, and factious intrigues increased the embarrassment. The Duke of Grafton was recalled, and Lord Carteret succeeded him; but as he had, from desire to supplant Walpole, promoted the opposition to the introduction of the coin, the part he had to play became doubly difficult; his hopes lay in winning over Lord Middleton; in this he failed, and the patent was surrendered. It appears, on a candid consideration of the subject, that the project would have been advantageous; but the real subject of dispute, was not so much the coinage itself, as that Wood's patent being forced upon the people of Ireland was a death blow to the independence of the kingdom. This was the real foundation of Swift's opposition, though the nature of the controversy made it necessary that he should veil it under specific objections to Wood's scheme, rather than engage in a dangerous discussion upon the abstract question of the independence of the kingdom of Ireland. When he did venture on this argument in his fourth letter, the arm of government was immediately uplifted to strike.

On Lord Carteret's arrival in Ireland, which took place long before the usual time, a proclamation was published, offering the reward of three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author of the fourth Drapier's Letter. Harding, the printer, was imprisoned, and a bill of indictment ordered to be prepared against him. Swift wrote a short paper, called, "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," copies of which were distributed to

every person of the Jury before the bill, and had such an effect, that it was unanimously thrown out. The Lord Chief Justice Whitshed discharged the jury in a rage; but the next that was summoned drew up a strong presentment supporting the opinions advanced in the Drapier's Letters, in language decisive and strong. This was followed by several others, in various counties; the affair was looked on as desperate, the patent withdrawn, and the coinage suppressed. Never was greater exultation displayed upon any occasion than appeared in the whole nation on the defeat of this project. The Drapier was hailed by universal voice as the saviour of his country. His name resounded through every quarter of the island; his picture was set up in every street, and bumpers to his health were poured down every throat.

In the course of these writings Swift took the opportunity of laying open his political principles, declaring his most zealous attachment to the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover, and his abhorrence of the Pretender; by which means he removed the prejudice against him of being a Jacobite, and secured the favour of the people. During the publication of the Letters, Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only persons in the secret were Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. As Robert was a most accurate transcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to the doctor, in order to their being corrected and fitted for the press; by whom they were conveyed to the printer in such a way as to prevent the possibility of discovery. It happened that Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued, offering a reward of three hundred pounds

for discovering the author of the Drapier's fourth letter, had staid out later than usual, without his master's leave. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition, when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abused him outrageously, bade him strip off his livery, and quit his house that moment: "What, you villain," said he, "is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." Mrs. Johnson, who was at the deanery, and greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival, he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears. Inquiring into the cause of this, he was told that his master had just discharged him. The doctor bade him be of good cheer, for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and that he should be still continued in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied Robert; "to be sure, I should be very sorry to lose so good a master; but what grieves me to the soul is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever." When this was told to the dean, struck with the generosity of such a sentiment in one of his low sphere, he immediately pardoned him, and restored him to his favour; he also took the first opportunity of rewarding him for his fidelity. The place of Verger to the cathedral becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery, to which the other replying in the affirmative, he desired

him to strip off his livery and put on those clothes. The poor fellow begged to know what crime he had committed, that he should be discharged. "Well, do as I ordered you," said Swift. When he returned in his new dress, the dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had bestowed on him as a reward of his faithful services. Robert, however, continued to officiate, at his own request, in his old situation, without receiving any wages.

Another anecdote, connected with the subject of the Drapier's Letters, I will give from Dr. Sheridan's Life, as briefly as I can. The day after the proclamation there was a levee at the castle; the Lord Lieutenant was going the round of the circle when Swift entered, and pushing his way through the crowd, in great indignation, and with the voice of a Stentor, cried out, "So, my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." For some time a silence ensued, for the whole assembly was struck mute with wonder, when Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, replied in a line of Virgil:

> Res duræ, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri.

Every one was struck with the beauty of the quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour; some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's answer.

Leaving Swift now in the height of his popularity, we must go back to relate some circumstances of a less favourable character, that had a great influence on his private life, and which have, unfortunately, continued to throw a cloud over his fame. It will be recollected, that Miss Esther Johnson continued to reside near Swift, in Ireland; that she formed part of his daily society at the deanery; that there seemed the most unreserved communication between them, though guarded by a strict propriety of conduct. Swift never saw her, but in the company of Mrs. Dingley, or of some third person; yet Stella, while she submitted to this singular arrangement, was not satisfied with it; nor can it be wondered at, that she expected to be united in a closer tie than that of a mere friend, and that she languished under the extraordinary procrastination of her hopes.

During his residence in England, Swift lived among the higher circles of society, and was admired for the brilliancy of his wit, the extent of his knowledge, and the richness and variety of his conversational talents He was admitted into the company of some of the most distinguished ladies of the time; Lady Betty Germaine, Mrs. Barton, the Countess of Winchelsea, the Duchess of Ormond, and Lady Masham, ranked him among their friends. Among the families in London, where he was most intimate, was that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of fortune and respectability, who had two sons and two daughters; the eldest was Esther, better

known by the poetical appellation of Vanessa; of her personal charms we are left in some uncertainty; Lord Orrery says she was not handsome, but she was lively and graceful, and fond of books. Swift eagerly offered to direct her in her choice of studies; this led to still further familiarity with the family, and the acquaintance with the fascinating Esther at length gave pain and uneasiness to Stella. Swift was fully conscious of the dangerous ground on which he stood; for in his Journal to Stella, Miss Vanhomrigh is only casually mentioned twice, at the time that he was in habits of the most frequent communication with her. In the meanwhile, in the bosom of his fascinating pupil, esteem and gratitude ripened into love; she was unacquainted with the peculiar situation in which Swift stood as related to another, and she was ignorant of the claims, perhaps even of the name of Stella. In a manner suitable to the warmth and openness of her temper, she avowed to Swift the state of her affections. "We cannot doubt (says Scott) that he actually felt the shame, disappointment, guilt, and surprise," expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not the courage to take the open and manly course of acknowledging his engagements with Stella, or *other impediments* which prevented him from accepting the hand and fortune of her rival. Perhaps he was conscious that such an explanation had been too long delayed to be now stated, without affording grounds for the heavy charge of having flattered Miss Vanhomrigh into hopes which, from the nature of his own situation, could not be gratified. This remorseful consciousness too, he might feel, when looking back on his conduct, though, until then, he had blindly consulted his own gratification in seeking the pleasure of Vanessa's society, without being aware of the difficulties in which they

were both becoming gradually entangled. Without making, therefore, this painful but just confession, he answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion at first in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration, but to the very close of her life persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion than this cold proffer was calculated to afford. It is difficult to ascertain when this eclaircissement took place, but it seems to have preceded Swift's departure for Ireland to take possession of his Deanery, though it must certainly have been made after obtaining that preferment.

The effect of Swift's increasing intimacy with Vanessa, may be plainly traced in the altered language of the Journal. It becomes colder and more indifferent, speaks less of the happiness of a life devoted to Stella, and exhibits all the marks of a declining affection. The fears of love are soon excited, and it is difficult to escape its penetration. Stella soon was aware that there was a rival in his affections, and rumours brought to Ireland increased her alarm. Her letters are not preserved, but it appears from the Journal that they intimated displeasure and jealousy, which Swift endeavours to appease. There are two passages, as Scott observes, worthy of notice, as illustrative of the situation of the parties, and of Swift's intentions. The first occurs when he obtains the deanery of St. Patrick's. "If it be worth £400 per year," he says, "the overplus shall be divided—besides usual"—an imperfect phrase, which, however, implies, that his relation to Stella was to continue on its former footing, and that she was only

to share the advantage of his promotion by an increase of her separate income. This hint was probably designed to bar any expectations of a proposal of marriage. Another ominous sentence in the Journal, is in the following intimation: "His (Mr. Vanhomrigh's) eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it into her own hands." This plan, which she afterwards accomplished, boded no good to the unfortunate Stella.

Upon Swift's return to Ireland, he was placed in a situation of much embarrassment, arising from his thoughtless encouragement of Vanessa's feelings, while Stella possessed an undoubted claim over the affections of his heart. It is difficult to find that peculiar word of censure which should apply with exactness to Swift's conduct in this unfortunate affair, because he acted on principles so extremely different from those which govern the generality of mankind. In ordinary cases his conduct would be deemed dishonourable in disappointing the just expectations, and sporting with the feelings of two amiable and virtuous women. But Swift, as he never designed marriage himself, certainly never gave, except by what they might infer from attention of behaviour, and perhaps tenderness of language, any grounds upon which their reasonable hopes could be founded. *They* appear to have erred, in not having more accurately understood his character, and his designs; while *he* was far more decidedly wrong in endeavouring to divert the warm and natural passions of the female heart, into the cold and selfish channels in which his own reposed; *his* object was to gain them as friends; *theirs* was to possess him as a lover and a husband. That Swift was greatly to blame, no doubt can be entertained, and the errors of his conduct in this affair

brought on a great part of the future misery of his life. Of all *criminal* intentions he was, in this instance, as in the whole conduct of his life, totally guiltless; but he knew that he passed beyond the bounds of honourable and upright conduct; he allowed the new fascinations of Miss Vanhomrigh's society to eclipse the familiar power of pleasing which Stella had long possessed; and when he all but suppressed the name of Vanessa, while he poured out on all other subjects the most unreserved communication in his Journal to Stella, he at once stamps the seal on the unfaithfulness and duplicity of his own conduct.

On her mother's death, Vanessa and her sister, who were left joint executrixes, retired to Ireland to look after the property which their father had left them near Celbridge. Their arrival in Dublin excited the jealousy of Stella, and the apprehensions of Swift; an intimacy like theirs which had passed over without harm in England, might now have injured the reputation of both. The Dean expostulated in vain with her on her imprudence, and she in return accused him of cruelty and neglect. Her letters of love and of complaint are full of the warmest sentiments and the most enamoured language. Swift saw the gulf he had so insensibly and incautiously been approaching; yet it was too late to retreat; all that was left was to temporize, and trust to time and chance to remedy or alleviate the perils which were beyond the power of prudence to avert.

The correspondence, now for the first time given entire, will afford a satisfactory elucidation of the subject. It commences on the part of Swift in a vein of light, jocular pleasantry. Vanessa writes at once from the heart. Swift parries this for some time in his odd bantering vein; till, as Vanessa's impatience increases

he subsides into a guarded, half-apologizing, half-upbraiding strain, evidently intended to prevent any warmer expostulations, and to stop any nearer approach. When *the* letter at length came, containing the most innocent, but the most passionate avowal of love, and opening the recesses of her ingenuous, affectionate, and devoted heart; then the long fabricated artifices of Swift were baffled, his plan of *retaining* her love without *returning* it, was at once defeated; he could no longer plead his ignorance of her feelings; and the remainder of *his* correspondence consists of paltry excuses, cruel evasions, and palliating falsehoods. The situation into which his selfishness had brought him, must have been one of agony and remorse; and his poor Vanessa sank into her early grave, the broken-hearted victim of an attachment most singularly unfortunate.

In the meanwhile the health of his early and constant friend, his affectionate Stella, was rapidly declining; jealousy, neither unreasonable nor dishonourable, was secretly preying upon her. She had sacrificed for Swift all but her virtue and her honour,—her youth had faded away amidst hopes and wishes that were unfulfilled; and she had the misfortune to be conscious that even her reputation was clouded, while her conduct was irreproachable. Swift felt deeply and bitterly the melancholy and fatal results of his capricious and inconsiderate conduct. He employed the Bishop of Clogher, his tutor and early friend, to inquire the cause of Stella's melancholy; and he received the very answer which he could have anticipated: "Her sensibility to his late indifference and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connection between them." To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of

calumny, there was but one remedy. To this Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony. One, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune—the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence he proposed he had not yet achieved, and on the other hand he was past that time of life after which he had determined never to marry. It may be observed, that Swift undoubtedly had a right to lay down these or any other rules for the regulation of his own conduct, and the supposed safeguard of his happiness; but these very rules obliged him to act with great circumspection and caution in his intercourse with females; and not to keep his maxims of prudence in reserve while he was engaging the affections of the artless and the inexperienced by a tenderness and gallantry that were the forerunners, according to their ideas, of more intimate and lasting connections. Swift, however, made one concession, the least that could be granted, and of itself an imperfect remedy of the evils that he had caused.

To these terms, so inferior to what she had a right to expect, Stella subscribed; yet something was gained by the unwilling and almost degrading concession: her former intimacy with Swift, though free from guilt, was, in the opinion of society, improper and unusual; on this point her conscience was now at rest; and she had also disarmed the superior attractions of her rival of their fatal power. She was married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.

Immediately after the ceremony, Swift's state of mind was very unhappy. Delany says, that about the time

his union took place, he observed Swift to be exceeding gloomy and agitated, so much so that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions; on entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, "You have just met the most unhappy man upon earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Delany's inference from these words, was, that Swift, after his union, had discovered too near a consanguinity between Stella and himself, to admit of their being united in matrimony; and that in fact, both of them were the illegitimate children of Sir W. Temple. This, however, seems to me to be a most gratuitous assumption, resting on no reasonable grounds whatever.

Swift's intercourse with Stella and Mrs. Dingley continued to be as guarded and cautious as before. To Stella it brought the same inconveniences; her acquaintance with ladies was formal and ceremonious, and her only intimacies were the male persons of Swift's acquaintance; a lady now alive, who was the friend of Mrs. Delany, says, "that Stella went with Mrs. Dingley to Dr. Delany's Villa on Wednesdays, where his men companions dined, before he was married to my friend. She (Mrs. Delany) once saw her by accident, and was struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes. She was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and her hair as black as a raven."

After his marriage Swift seems to have redoubled his anxiety to moderate the passion of Vanessa, and even to direct it into another channel. He introduced to her Dean Winter, as a candidate for her hand, but

she rejected the proposal in peremptory terms She was also addressed, equally without success, by Dr. Price, afterwards Archbishop of Cashell. At length, in the year 1717, she retired from Dublin to her property near Celbridge, to nurse her hapless passion in seclusion from the world. Swift, with great anxiety and tenderness of expression, endeavoured to warn her against a plan so little likely to be successful, and exhorted her to seek general society, to divert her mind in every way she could, and even to leave Ireland for other scenes. Until the year 1720, he never visited her at Celbridge; but in that year, and down to the time of her death, he went repeatedly there to see her. A correspondent of Sir W. Scott's has given some minute particulars attending Vanessa's habits of life, and Swift's visits. "Marley Abbey (he says) near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of 90 by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *em bon point.* He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention, and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was

to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower; three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit with books and writing materials on the table before them.

Vanessa, besides indulging her melancholy and hopeless passion, had another sorrow in her solitude, that of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. Her affections seemed now concentrated with double energy in her love; while Swift, with his usual circumspection, became more reserved than he had been in his visits; at length Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated by a long endurance of ill-requited love, was determined to discover its causes, and either to remove or realize the suspicions she had formed. Her thoughts naturally turned to the intimacy between Swift and Mrs. Johnson; in a letter written in 1713, she says, "If you are very happy, it is ill natured of you not to tell me so, *except* 'tis what is inconsistent with mine." She accordingly ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson, requesting to know the nature of her connection with the Dean. Stella informed her, in her reply, of the marriage; and, full of resentment against Swift, for

having given to another female the right to put a question which seemed to involve a claim as strong as her own, she retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Swift, in a paroxysm of fury, rode to Marley Abbey; his countenance, as he entered the room, struck Vanessa with terror. He flung a letter on the table, and instantly mounting his horse, returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella; this was the death blow to her hopes and to her life; she languished only a few weeks, when she sank under the stern and selfish cruelty of a man on whom she had vainly lavished all the innocent and all the warmest affections of her life; and who suffered her to pine away in hopeless affliction, because he dared not avow to her the duplicity of his conduct, and his incapability of accepting the heart she offered. She died in the 37th year of her age, and revoked a will made in favour of Swift, settling her fortune upon Mr. Marshall, (afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas,) and Dr. Berkeley, the Bishop of Cloyne.

The correspondence between Swift and this unfortunate lady has been, for the first time, published in the edition by Scott, from the originals in the possession of Mr. Berwick. The sum of the evidence (says the biographer) which they afford, seems to amount to this —that while residing in England for years, and at a distance from Stella, Swift incautiously engaged in a correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, which probably, at first, meant little more than mere gallantry, since the mother, brother, and sister, seemed all to have been confidants of their intimacy. After his going to Ireland his letters assume a graver cast, and consist rather of advice, caution, and rebuke, than expressions

of tenderness. Yet neither his own heart, nor the nature of Vanessa's violent attachment, permit him to suppress strong, though occasional and rare indications of the high regard in which he held her, although honour, friendship, and esteem, had united his fate with that of another. It would, perhaps, have been better had their amours never have been public; as that has, however, happened, it is the biographer's duty to throw such light upon them as Mr. Berwick's friendship has enabled him to do, in order that Swift's conduct, weak and blamable as it must be held in this instance, may at least not suffer hereafter from being seen under false or imperfect lights." Upon the death of Miss Vanhomrigh, Swift retreated to the south of Ireland, where he remained for two months in utter solitude, a prey, no doubt, to the most self-accusing remorse. On his return to Dublin, he received the forgiveness of Stella, and thus this unfortunate portion of his history is closed.

When Wood's patent was withdrawn, Swift returned to Finlen, a house of Dr. Sheridan's, where he passed some months in finishing and preparing Gulliver's Travels for the press. Early in 1726, he set out for England, after an absence from that country of nearly twelve years: and was welcomed with all demonstrations of joy by his old friends. He also met with a favourable reception at Leicester House. The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, hearing of his arrival, sent to desire to see him. Of this he gives the following account in his letter to Lady B. Germaine, 1732. "It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons, not hard to guess;

and among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously." During Swift's stay in England his time was passed between Twickenham and Dawly, with his friends Pope or Bolingbroke. Pope then published his volume of Miscellanies, consisting of some of his own works and Arbuthnot's, but principally of Swift's. The sale was very large, and Pope received the entire profits, which amounted to a hundred and fifty pounds. During these transactions he received a very melancholy account from Ireland of the state of Mrs. Johnson's health; his old complaints of giddiness and deafness increased upon him, and he stole away from a society which he could no longer delight or enjoy, and retreated into private lodgings. When sufficiently recovered, he retired to Ireland, and had the delight of finding the health of Mrs. Johnson much improved. During his visit to London, Swift met with a favourable reception not only at Leicester House, but at St. James's. He dined with Sir R. Walpole at Chelsea; and afterwards, through Lord Peterborough's intervention, had an interview with that minister, in which the grievances of Ireland formed the subject of the Dean's complaint. The enemies and calumniators of Swift propagated a story that he had offered his pen to Walpole, upon the promise of preferment in England; but Swift has destroyed all the credit which the falsehood might have had, by giving to Lord Peterborough a faithful account of the conversation.

Swift set out for Ireland in August, and in the November following Gulliver's Travels made their public appearance, after having been privately seen and admired by Swift's friends in England.

The plan of this entertaining and delightful satire

varies, as Scott observes, in its different parts. The voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England. Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of Mr. Premier *Flimnap;* the factions of high and low heels express the Tories and the Whigs; the Small-endians and Big-endians the religious divisions of Papist and Protestant; and when the heir apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the Prince of Wales, who at that time divided his favour between the two leading political parties of England, laughed heartily at the comparison. The scandal which Gulliver gave to the Empress by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the Royal Palace, seems to intimate the author's own disgrace with Queen Ann, founded on the indecorum of the Tale of a Tub, which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the cause of the high church was forgotten.

In the Voyage to Brobdingnag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events or statesmen of the time. It seems intended to show in the most forcible manner the vanity of our desires and the insignificance of our pursuits, by exhibiting the opinions formed of them by beings of superior power and more philosophical thought, and more cool and less passionate temperaments. Some passages are supposed to be an intended affront on the maids of honour, for whom Swift entertained no predilection; and there is one which those interesting ladies never could have forgiven.

The Voyage to Laputa was disliked by Arbuthnot, who probably considered it to be a satire on the Royal Society; many of the allusions also are said to be levelled at the singularities of Sir Isaac Newton; but the

main attack of the fable is certainly directed against the false and chimerical pretenders to science, and the professors of natural and mathematical magic. In the department of the political projectors, some glances of his Tory feelings appear; and in the melancholy account of the Struldbrugs, we are reminded of the author's indifference to life, and the melancholy state to which his own was prolonged.

The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is the one that has been received with the least approbation of the public, and, perhaps, exhibits the smallest talent and judgment in the author. Of all the creations of his fancy it is the most improbable; and it is filled with such a fierce indignation against the frailties and vices to which our nature is so prone; it betrays such a bitter misanthropy; it indulges in such a fiendish mockery of the degraded species, and holds up such hideous representations of the loathsome depravity of our sins, while it renders its satire more effective by drawing through it the richest vein of ridicule and the most pointed wit; that persons of delicate and refined taste have been hurt by its grossness, and those of more severe and religious feelings have marked it with that moral disapprobation, which rejects a work so wide in its temper and feeling from the spirit of Christianity. It must certainly be allowed that the picture, in all its nauseating details and its frightful impurities, is overcharged; that the colours are not sufficiently subdued; and that the representation of beings so thoroughly brutalized and degraded, by exciting disgust and horror, destroys the effect which it was intended to produce. "Where is the sense of a general satire," says Warburton, "if the whole species be degenerated; and where is the justice of it, if it be not." Voltaire, who was in Eng-

land at the time when Gulliver's Travels appeared, spread their fame among his correspondents in France; and the Abbé Desfontaines undertook a translation, which succeeded extremely with the French public. His continuation, called "Le Nouveau Gulliver," I have never met with; but another, published as the *third* volume of the Travels in 1727, was stolen from a French work called "L'Histoire des Sévérambes," and which has been ascribed to Monsieur Alletz and others; it is a production far inferior to Swift's in wit and invention; but being suppressed in France and other Catholic countries, and consequently of rare occurrence, it offered facilities for the plagiarism of the English author. Arbuthnot also wrote two pamphlets on the subject; and some verses in the Miscellany, written in a very pleasing vein of humour, were published by Pope.

As Mrs. Johnson's health apparently was restored, Swift found nothing to detain him in Ireland, and set out for London early in March. He was in high favour in Leicester House, but not on terms with Walpole. He had formed a plan of passing a few months in France, for the benefit of his health, but the news of the king's death made him postpone it. It was expected that a change of measures would immediately take place, and that the most flattering prospects might open to the Dean. Mr. Howard and Lord Bolingbroke strongly urged him to remain on the spot during a season so important to his interests: but a return of his old complaint and the news of Mrs. Johnson's relapse, obliged him to set out for Ireland. On his arrival he found his long-beloved friend in the last stage of decay, without the least hope of recovery. He attended her in this state during four or five months, and in the month of

January he was deprived of her who for five and twenty years had been most affectionately attached to him, and whose life indeed had been devoted to his will. Of the dying scene two different stories have been told; but both of them painful; and one, that which comes from the authority of Sheridan, we must hope, for the sake of humanity, not to be founded upon truth. Lord Orrery says, that Swift never mentioned her without a sigh. To alleviate his affliction, he turned his mind again to public affairs; in a variety of publications relating to Ireland, he laid open the causes of her distress and poverty; and pointed out the means by which they might be alleviated: and he also directed his attention to some of the best planned charities that were ever supported from a private purse. He gave very largely in proportion to his fortune. After his settlement at the Deanery, and when he was out of debt, he divided his income into three parts, one he appropriated to his own support and his domestic expenses. The second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation after his death; and the third he disposed of in charities to the poor and the distressed. He lent to poor industrious tradesmen small sums of five and ten pounds, to be repaid with interest weekly; and he always demanded good security for the repayment. Sheridan says, that he has been well assured, that many families in Dublin, now living in great credit, owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from this source. His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great, that he was consulted by several corporations in matters of trade; and he was not seldom chosen umpire in their decisions: By his integrity, his patriotism, by the superiority of his talents, and his endeavours to serve

the public, he obtained a remarkable ascendancy over the people of Ireland; and he was known over the whole kingdom as *the Dean.* In a letter which Lord Carteret wrote to him in 1732, who was the chief governor of Ireland, he says, "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection; and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's,"—and in the postscript to another of March 24, 1736, he says, "When people asked me how I governed Ireland, I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift."

Swift had now relinquished all expectations of further preferment. Walpole was exasperated against him, on account of some severe poems which he had written; and some forged letters in favour of Mr. Barber, bearing the Dean's signature, had excited the displeasure of the queen.

About the year 1736, his memory was greatly impaired, and the general powers of the intellect showed marks of decay. Sheridan says, that "the irascible passions which at all times he had found difficult to keep within due bounds, now raged without control, and made him a torment to himself and all about him; an unusually long fit of deafness and giddiness, which lasted almost a year, disqualified him for conversation, and made him lose all relish for society. He could not amuse himself with writing; and a whimsical resolution he had made, of never wearing spectacles, prevented him from reading. Thus, without amusement, without employment, his time passed heavily and gloomily along. The state of his mind is strongly pictured in a letter to Mrs. Whiteway. "I have been (he says) very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot

express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few—few and miserable they must be. I am for those few days." He always entertained apprehensions that he should outlive his understanding. Dr. Young has recorded an instance of this, where he relates that walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed Mr. Dean, who had staid behind the rest of the company. He turned back in order to know the occasion of it, and found Swift at some distance, gazing intensely at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted. Upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die first at the top."

Not long after this time, his understanding failed to such a degree, that it was found necessary to have legal guardians appointed to take care of his present estate. This was followed by a fit of lunacy which continued some months, and then he sank into a state of idiocy which lasted to his death. He died October 19, 1745. When the death of the dean, so beloved and admired in Ireland as he was, was announced, the citizens of Dublin gathered from all quarters, and forced their way in crowds into the house, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard round all the quarter where he lived; and happy were they who first got into the chamber where he lay, to procure locks of his hair;

> Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
> Unto their issue.

So eager, says Sheridan, were numbers to obtain at any price this precious memorial, that in less than an hour his head was stripped of all its silver ornaments, so that not a hair remained. He was buried in the most private manner, according to the directions of his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and, by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himself:—

Hic depositum est corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius cor lacerare nequit,
Abi viator
Et imitare, si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit anno (1745)
Mensis (Octobris) die (19)
Ætatis anno (78).

Swift was in person tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which expressed the boldness and confidence of his mind; he was never known to laugh; and, according to Scott the description of Cassius, in Shakespeare, might be applied to him:

——He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.——
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

His features have been preserved in many busts, prints, and medals. In youth he was reckoned handsome. Pope said that his eyes were as azure as the heavens, and had an unusual expression of acuteness. In old age, his countenance was dignified and expressive. He spoke in public with facility and force; and had he been on the bench of bishops, he would have been of great assistance to the ministry in the House of Lords. "The government of Ireland," says Scott, "dreaded his eloquence as much as his pen." His manners in society were free, lively, and engaging: and even when age and infirmities had impaired his spirits and his temper, his conversation was still valued for the richness of the anecdotes, the acquaintance which it displayed with mankind, the liveliness of his repartees, and shrewdness and satire of the wit. As his memory failed, he was conscious that his stories were too often repeated. He was fond of puns; and Scott says that the application of the line of Virgil to the lady who threw down a fiddle, is, perhaps, the best that ever was made.

In his personal habits he was scrupulously neat. In his latter days he was an early riser, and fond of exercise; though at one period of his life he was said to lie in bed and think of wit for the day. Of his learning, it must be said that it was not that of a professed scholar. It is difficult exactly to say how far his knowledge of ancient literature extended, but in Greek it undoubtedly did not enable him to do more than read the best authors with tolerable facility; and in Latin it did not enter into the critical niceties of the language. Chaucer's flow of wit, and the charming graces and frank joyous vein of pleasantry which animate his poems, found a warm admirer in Swift:

he was, it is said, fond of the old romances of chivalry; and had read Milton with a scholar's attention. The dramatic writers seem not to have attracted his notice; which we may wonder at, considering the rich stores of pleasantry, and the exhaustless variety of character and manners, he would have discovered in these works: his library did not contain a copy of Shakespeare; and the works of Wycherly and Rowe were presented by the authors. History was a favourite branch of his study; and in his latter years he confined himself almost entirely to Clarendon. Scott says, "that Swift loved the country, like most men of genius!" He does not seem to have been much alive to the delights of romantic scenery, or the picturesque combinations of landscape; but he was fond of the advantages which it gave, the opportunities of exercise, and freedom from restraint. The stern independence of his character, and the strangeness and waywardness of his temper, made him appear, to superficial observers, full of contradictions. He was a zealous churchman, for no one carried the rights of his order higher than he did, nor could he brook the least slight or disparagement on that subject; yet he often wrote on matters connected with religion, and religious parties and belief, with a levity bordering on profaneness. Though a friend of liberty, he sided with the Tory administration. Disliking Ireland, and abusing the inhabitants, he yet vindicated her rights, and appeared to feel deeply for her wrongs. Parsimonious in many of his habits of life, to a degree that was sordid and disreputable, he dealt out his charities with a discerning and liberal spirit. He was niggardly, but never avaricious; and a considerable part of his moderate income was devoted to purposes of benevolence. His avarice, says

Johnson, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but was liberal by principle. And if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.

In his habits of society he seems never to have lost the singularities of his temper, though he had been educated in the refined society of Sir W. Temple's house, and though he was probably master of all the rules of good breeding and politeness, yet he affected a rude bluntness of manner and strange independence of character, that was not always understood or allowed. He would call Lord Oxford out of the house merely to form some trifling arrangement, and he would make Lady Burlington sing, though she expressed a disinclination; but to his inferiors, this waywardness of disposition often passed into offences that could not be borne, and he trespassed at last too much on the good-nature and attachment of Sheridan. He is said to have much disliked the military, and the profession of the law always afforded a rich harvest of bitter sarcasms and ridicule.

Swift was steady and zealous in his friendships, and those whom he promoted by his interest, or received into his intimacy, were generally persons distinguished for their patriotism or their talents. His prejudices and antipathies were grounded upon reasons of political aversion. The language which he habitually used when alluding to Lord Somers and Sir Robert Wa-

pole, and others, is well known; his resentment outlived the faculties and life of the Duke of Marlborough, and attended his funeral with a satirical epitaph. He was unable to forbear throwing out a sarcasm against Steele, in the Rhapsody on Poetry, when death ought to have disarmed resentment. In the spleen and severity of his later days, he classed his friends into grateful, ungrateful, indifferent, and doubtful. It is with satisfaction that we see the names of our favourite poets, Pope and Gay, ranked among the few who are honoured with the full esteem of the writer; and if we find Dr. Parnelle and Mr. Berkeley, marked with the letters of disapprobation, we must make some allowance for the suspicion and caprice which accompanied the infirmities of his age. When his different productions were submitted to the correction of his friends, he received their remarks with candour and attention. At Addison's suggestion, he made considerable alterations in the Poem of Baucis and Philemon. On another occasion he put a pamphlet into the hands of a clergyman, for the benefit of his remarks; the critic suggested some alterations, but when the work appeared, he became sensible that the passages were altered for the worse, and expressed his regret that the Dean had acquiesced in the alteration. "Sir (said Swift), I considered that the passages were of no great consequence, and I made the alterations you desired without hesitation; but, had I stood up in their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author, unwilling to hear of his errors; and by this ready compliance, I hoped you would at all times hereafter be the more free in your remarks." Sir W. Scott has summed up Swift's character as an author, in such a just and discriminating manner, and has given such value to his praise by its

impartiality, that I cannot do better than extract from it what is necessary to enable the reader of Swift's works, to form a correct estimate of his talents.

"As an author, there are three peculiarities remarkable in the character of Swift; the first is, the distinguished attribute of *originality*, and it cannot be refused to him by the most severe critic. Even Johnson has allowed that no author can be found who has borrowed so little, or who has so well maintained his claim to be considered original. There was, indeed, nothing written before his time which could serve for his model, and the few hints which he has adopted from other authors, bear no more resemblance to his compositions, than the green flax to the cable which is formed from it.

"The second peculiarity, is his total indifference to literary fame. Swift executed his various and numerous works as a carpenter forms wedges, mallets, or other implements of his art—not with the purpose of distinguishing himself by the workmanship of the tools themselves, but solely in order to render them fit for accomplishing a certain purpose, beyond which they were of no value in his eyes. He is often anxious about the success of his argument, and jealous of those who debate the principles and the purpose for which he assumes the pen, but he evinces on all occasions an unaffected indifference for the fate of his writings, providing the end of their publication was answered. The careless mode in which Swift suffered his works to get to the public, his refusing them the credit of his name, and his renouncing all connection with the profits of literature, indicate his disdain of the character of a professional author.

"The third distinguishing mark of Swift's literary character is, that with the exception of history (for his

fugitive attempts in Pindaric and Latin verse are too unimportant to be noticed), he has never attempted a style of composition, in which he has not obtained a distinguished pitch of excellence. We may often think the immediate mode of exercising his talents trifling, and sometimes coarse and offensive; but his Anglo-Latin verses, his riddles, his indelicate descriptions and his violent political satires, are in their various departments as excellent as the subjects admitted, and only leave us more occasion to regret that so much talent was not uniformly employed on nobler topics.'

As a poet, Swift's post is pre-eminent in the sort of poetry which he cultivated. He never attempted any species of composition in which either the sublime or pathetic were required of him. But in every department of poetry where that was necessary, he displayed as the subject chanced to require, either the blasting lightning of satire, or the lambent and meteor-like caricatures of frolicsome humour. His powers of versification are admirably adapted to his favourite subject. Rhyme, which is a handcuff to an inferior poet, he who is master of his art wears as a bracelet. Swift was of the latter description; his lines fall as easily into the best grammatical arrangement, and the most simple and forcible expression, as if he had been writing in prose. The number and coincidence of rhymes, always correct and natural, though often unexpected, distinguish the current of his poetical composition, which exhibit otherwise no mark of the difficulties with which those graces are obtained. In respect of matter, Swift seldom elevates his tone above a satirical dialogue, a moral lesson, or a poem on manners, but the former are unrivalled in severity, and the latter in ease. Sometimes, however, the intensity of his satire gives to his poetry a character of emphatic violence, which bor-

ders upon grandeur. This is peculiarly distinguishable in the Rhapsody on Poetry which, according to Dr. King, he accounted his best satire, and surely with great justice; yet this grandeur is founded, not on sublimity either of conception or expression, but upon the energy of both, and indicates rather ardour of temper, than power of imagination. "Facit indignatio versus. The elevation of tone arises from the strong mood of passion, rather than from poetical fancy. When Dryden told Swift he would never be a poet, he only had reference to the Pindaric Odes, where power of imagination was necessary to success.

In the walk of satire and familiar poetry, wit and knowledge of mankind, joined to facility of expression, are the principal requisites of excellence, and in these Swift shines unrivalled. Cadenus and Vanessa may be considered as his chef d'œuvres in that class of poems which is not professedly satirical. It is a poem on manners, and, like one of Marmontel's Contes moraux, traces the progress and circulation of passion, existing between two persons in modern society, contrasted strongly in age, manners, and situation. Yet even here the satirical vein of Swift has predominated. We look in vain for depth of feeling or tenderness of sentiment, although, had such existed in the poet's mind, the circumstances must have called it forth. The mythological fable, which conveys the compliments paid to Vanessa, is as cold as that addressed to Ardelia, or to Miss Floyd. It is in short a kind of poetry, which neither affects sublimity nor pathos; but which, in the graceful facility of the poet, unites with the acute observation of the observer of human nature, to commemorate the singular contest between Cadenus and Vanessa, as an extraordinary chapter in the history of the mind.

The Dean's promptitude in composition was equal to

his smoothness and felicity of expression. At Mr. Gore's, in the county of Cavan, he heard the lively air called the Feast of O'Rourke; and obtaining a literal translation of the original Irish song from the author, Mr. Macgowan, executed, with surprising rapidity, the spirited translation which is found in his works. Of the general style of Swift's poems, Johnson has said, "They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gayety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended; the diction is correct, the numbers smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style —'proper words in proper places.'" As an historian Swift is entitled to little notice: his History of England is an abridgment, written evidently in imitation of Paterculus, but without those advantages in point of information which render the Latin author valuable. The Dean abandoned his task, 'because,' as he said with a sort of smile, to Mr. Deane Swift, 'I have found them all such a pack of rascals, I would have no more to say to them.' His account of the four last years of Queen Anne has little pretensions to the name of history. It is written with the feelings and prejudices of a party writer, and does not deserve to be separated from The Examiner and other political tracts of which Swift was the author.

But although his political treatises raised his fame when published, and are still read as excellent models of that species of composition, it is to his Tale of a Tub, to the Battle of the Books, to his moral romance of Gulliver, and to his smaller, but not less exquisite satire on Men and Manners, that Swift owes the extent

and permanency of his popularity as an English classic of the first rank.

In reference to these works, Card. Polignac used the remarkable expression, 'qu'il avoit l'esprit créateur.' He possessed, indeed, in the highest perfection, the wonderful power of so embodying and imaging forth the shadows and riches of the mind, that the picture of the imagination is received by the reader as if it were truth. Undoubtedly the same keen and powerful intellect, which could sound all the depths and shallows of active life, had stored his mind with facts drawn from his own acute observation, and thus supplied with materials the creative talent which he possessed. In fiction he possessed, in the most extensive sense, the art of verisimilitude—the power of adopting and sustaining a fictitious character under every peculiarity of place and circumstance. A considerable part of this secret rests upon minuteness of narrative. Small and detached facts formed the foreground of a narrative when told by an eye-witness. They are the subjects which immediately press upon his attention, and have, with respect to him as an individual, an importance which they are far from bearing to the general scene in which he is engaged. But to a distant spectator, all these minute incidents are lost and blended in the general current of events; and it requires the discrimination of Swift or Defoe to select in a fictitious narrative, such an enumeration of minute incidents as might strike the beholder of a real fact, especially such a one as has not been taught, by an enlarged mind and education, to generalize his observations.

The proposition I have ventured to lay down respecting the art of giving verisimilitude to a fictitious narrative, has a corollary resting on this one principle. As

minute particulars, pressing close upon the observation of the narrator, occupy a disproportionate share of his narrative, and of his observation, so circumstances more important in themselves, in those cases, attract his notice only partially, and are, therefore, but imperfectly detailed; in other words, there is a distance as also a foreground in narrative as in natural perspective, and the scale of objects necessarily decreases as they are withdrawn from the vicinity of him who reports them. In this particular the art of Swift is equally manifest. The information which Gulliver acquires from hearsay is communicated in a more vague and general manner than that reported on his own knowledge. He does not, like other voyagers into Utopian realms, bring us back a minute account of their laws and government, but merely such general information upon these topics as a well-informed and curious stranger may be reasonably supposed to acquire during some months' residence in a foreign country. In short, the narratives—the centre and main-spring of the story, which neither exhibits a degree of extended information, such as circumstances could not permit him to acquire, nor omits those minute incidents which the same circumstances rendered of importance to him, because immediately affecting his own person. Swift has the more easily attained this perfection of fictitious narrative, because in all his work, of whatever description, he has maintained the most undeviating attention to the point at issue. What Mr. Cambridge has justly observed of the Battle of the Books, is equally true as a general characteristic of Swift's writings; whoever examines them will find that through the whole piece, no one episode or allusion is introduced for its own sake, but every point appears not only consistent with, but written for the

express purpose of strengthening and supporting the whole. Upon the style of Swift Dr. Johnson made the following observations, which are entitled to weight from the learning and character of the critic. It is, however, as Scott observes, to be considered, that the author of the Rambler may be supposed in some degree to undervalue a structure of composition so strikingly opposed to his own, and that Dr. Johnson appears to have been unfriendly to the memory of Swift.

"In his works he has given very different specimens both of sentiment and expression. His Tale of a Tub has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and a vivacity of diction, such as he afterwards never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar that it must be considered of itself, what is true, of that, is not true of any thing else that he has written. In his other works is found an agreeable tenor of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been stated, is not true, but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity, and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often these solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted, and it would not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions. His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilized by rare disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-sought learning. He

pays no court to the passions, he excites neither surprise nor admiration. He always understands himself, and his readers always understand him. The peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge, and it is sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things. He is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities. His passage is always on a level, or by solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction." Granger, in his Biographical History, has given the following character of Swift, which has been thought worthy of insertion in more than one of the accounts of his life.

"Jonathan Swift was blessed in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries with the power of a creative genius. The more we dwell on the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us; in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had in his virtues few equals, and in his talents no superior. In that of humour, and especially of irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. He did the highest honour to his country by his parts, and was a great blessing to it by the vigilance and activity of his public spirit. His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive; familiar without vulgarity or meanness, and beautiful without affectation or ornament. He is sometimes licentious in his satire, and transgresses the bounds of delicacy and purity. He, in the latter part of his life, availed himself of the privilege of his great wit to trifle; but when, in this instance, we deplore the misapplication of such wonderful abilities, we at the

same time admire the whims, if not the dotage of Swift. He was, perhaps, the only clergyman of his time who had a thorough knowledge of men and manners. His Tale of a Tub, his Gulliver's Travels, and his Drapier's Letters, are the most considerable of his prose works, and his Legion Club, his Cadenus and Vanessa, and his Rhapsody on Poetry, are at the head of his poetical performances. His writings in general are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their author's fame."

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.[1]

CHAPTER I.

The author gives some account of himself and family—his first inducements to travel—he is shipwrecked, and swims for his life—gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput—is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too

[1] Gulliver's Travels were originally designed to form part of a satire on the Abuse of Human Learning, projected by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. In their joint publication, the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," the sketch of the work is thus given by Pope:—

"It was in the year 1699, that Martin set out on his travels. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee; but what hints I am at liberty to give I will.

"Thou shalt know, then, that in his first voyage he was carried by a prosperous storm to a discovery of the ancient Pygmean empire.

"That, in his second, he was happily shipwrecked on the land of the Giants, the most humane people in the world.

"That, in his third, he discovered a whole kingdom of philoso

great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I

phers, who govern by the mathematics; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious ministers of Queen Anne, and himself sent treacherously away.

"And hence it is that in his fourth voyage he discovers a vein of melancholy, proceeding almost to a disgust of his species; but above all, a mortal detestation of the whole flagitious race of ministers, and a final resolution not to give in any memorial to the Secretary of State, in order to subject the lands he discovered to the crown of Great Britain.

"Now, if by these hints the reader can help himself to a farther discovery of the nature and contents of these travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him: I am obliged by all the ties of honour, not to speak more openly."

Pope, however, appears to have been displeased at the substitution of Lemuel Gulliver for Martinus Scriblerus; he adds, rather ill-naturedly:

"But if any man shall see such very extraordinary voyages which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a philosopher, a politician, and a legislator, and can imagine them to belong to *a surgeon of a ship*, or *a captain of a merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance."

Swift himself thus announces the approaching appearance of the work, in a letter to Pope, dated Dublin, September 29th, 1725: "I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels, in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found bold enough to venture his ears."

The existence of a nation of pigmies was firmly believed in ancient times. The diminutive race is mentioned by Herodotus,

laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I

Aristotle, Pliny, and even by some of the earlier modern travellers. The following account is from Cteslas, who was cotemporary with Xenophon. "In the middle of India, there are black men called pigmies, using the same language as the other Indians; they are very little, the tallest of them being but two cubits, and most of them but a cubit and a half high. They have very long hair, reaching down to their knees and lower; and a beard larger than any man's. After their beards are grown long they wear no clothes, but the hair of their head falls behind a great deal below their hams, and that of their beard before comes down to their feet; then laying their hair thick all about their body, they afterwards gird themselves, making use of their hair for clothes. They are flat-nosed and ill-favoured. Their sheep are like lambs, and their oxen and asses scarce as big as rams, and their horses and mules, and all their other cattle, not bigger. Three thousand of these pigmies are household troops in the service of the king of India. They are good archers. They are very just, and use the same laws as the Indians do."

Some of the old commentators on the Bible translated the word *Gammachia*, pigmies, and it is so rendered in the Vulgate: "This circumstance," as Sir Thomas Browne remarks in his 'Enquiries into Vulgar Errors,' "tended greatly to confirm the popular belief in the existence of this fabulous race." Viewed as a mere fiction, the account of Lilliput did not appear so extravagant in Swift's days as it does in ours. Every one has heard the story of the Irish bishop, a very learned man, who, having read the voyage to Lilliput, said that "there were some things in it, which he could not believe."

After the publication of the Travels, Swift was much amused to find that Gulliver was a real name, and that a Mr. Jonathan Gulliver was a member of the House of Representatives in Boston. An American writer adds, that this Jonathan deemed it necessary to disclaim publicly all connexion with Lemuel.

went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden; there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful to me in long voyages. Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannell commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.[1]

[1] Swift and Defoe are unrivalled in the art of introducing trifling and minute circumstances, which give an air of reality to their fictitious narratives. In Gulliver's early history, as in that of Crusoe, persons are casually mentioned of whom we hear nothing more. Gulliver's uncle, like Crusoe's brother, only comes on the stage to disappear again for ever. This is quite contrary to the usual course of romance writers, who rarely introduce a personage or an incident that does not in some way aid the development of the plot. Sir Walter Scott suggests that Swift probably imitated Defoe in this particular, but the ideal character of Gulliver naturally led the Dean to introduce these petty particulars. He designed to portray Gulliver as a kind of second Dampier, uniting the homely sense and prejudices of a true-born Englishmen to the acquired wisdom of a life of a ven-

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors, but it would not turn to account. After three years'

tures. There is a sailor's bluntness and frankness in every thing that Gulliver tells us of himself and family; the occasional minuteness, and even coarseness, of the personal details are faithfully taken from the journals of the early English voyagers, whose accounts of their discoveries are strangely blended with the most trifling particulars respecting their food, clothing, etc. The character of Gulliver is that of a thorough English sailor; his education at Leyden did not raise him too high above the rude tars with whom he mingled, and we always find his learning brought forward with difficulty, and by an effort, while his mother-wit and sailor's courage are present in every emergency.

expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land.[1] By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half

[1] This island was first discovered, A. D. 1633, by Abel Janson Tasman, a Dutch navigator, who called it Van Diemen's Land after the governor of Batavia, by whom he had been sent to examine the Southern Ocean. Tasman's narrative was very loose and inaccurate, so that Swift might people the seas which that navigator traversed, with any creatures he pleased.

an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The de-

clivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise,

but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back.[1] In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt by the

[1] This incident is taken from Philostratus. (Icon. lib. ii. p. 817) "The pigmies," he says, "were anxious to revenge the death of Antæus, and having found Hercules napping in Libya, they mustered up all their forces against him. One phalanx assaulted his left hand; but against his right hand, that being the stronger, two phalanxes were appointed. The archers and slingers besieged his feet, admiring the hugeness of his thighs; but against his head, as the arsenal, they raised batteries, the king himself taking his post there. They set fire to his hair, put reaping-hooks in his eyes; and that he might not breathe, fixed doors to his mouth and nostrils. But all the execution that they could do was only to awake him; and when this was done, deriding their folly, he gathered them all up into his lion's skin, and carried them (Philostratus thinks) to Euristhenes."

falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul!* the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it had ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac;* when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck

I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.[1]

[1] Moore has made a very amusing use of this incident, in an ode to Sir Hudson Lowe, which is too good to be passed over with a mere reference.

Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,
(By name, and ah! by nature so,)
As thou art fond of persecutions;
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the mighty man's protuberance,

But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the string that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.[1] I answered in a

They did so strut! Upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches;
And how some *very* little things,
That pass'd for lords, on scaffoldings
Got up and worried him with speeches.

Alas! alas! that it should happen,
To mighty men to be caught napping;
Though different too these persecutions;
For Gulliver there took the nap,
While *here*, the Nap—ah, sad mishap!—
Is taken by the Lilliputians.

[1] In the excitement that followed the Revolution, public speaking became more common in England than it had ever been before, and several of the whig lords rendered efficient service

few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, not having eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two and three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could,

to the cause of the Hanoverian succession, by their speeches at county meetings. Swift despised and hated these itinerant orators, to whose exertions the overthrow of his party was mainly owing, and it is probable that in this description he alludes to some particular leader of the whig party who was remarkable for his addresses to popular assemblies. Sir Robert Walpole after his expulsion from parliament was an active agitator among the whigs, and was not less formidable to Harley and Bolingbroke, outside the walls of the House of Commons, than he had been as a leader of parliamentary opposition.

showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more: but they had none to give

me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to

stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul.* I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour —soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his ma-

jesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hands in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan;* and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people; who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent, which fell with such noise and violence from me. But, before this, they had daubed my face and

both my hands, with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems, that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have aroused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who

is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast.[1] All this I

[1] The caution of the Lilliputian courtiers is probably designed to ridicule the over-acted solicitude by which the ministers of George I. affected to protect the king from the plots of the Jacobites. The Tories who hasted to greet the king on his landing, were either refused admittance or harshly dismissed. "Lord Harcourt, who arrived with a patent for the peerage of the Prince of Wales, was abruptly dismissed; the Duke of Ormond, who was hastening to Greenwich, was forbidden to appear in the royal

was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advanced very softly to my face; one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, nd all his court, came out to meet us, but his great

presence; and Lord Oxford, who had shown more joy in proclaiming the king, than his friends thought respectful towards the late queen, was barely admitted in the crowd to kiss the king's hand."—*Lord J. Russell's Affairs of Europe*, vol. i. p. 308.

officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the

strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

The Emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement.—The Emperor's person and habit described.—Learned men appointed to teach the author their language.—He gains favour by his mild disposition.—His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

QUIETLY as I had endured my tedious confinemen. to one posture, it was with great pleasure that I found myself again upon my feet: I looked about me, and must confess that I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang*,[1] and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did, and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as

[1] A stang is a pole or perch; sixteen feet and a half.—*Orig*

the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink,

which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all: twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liqour of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs: but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious.[1] For the better convenience

[1] There can be little room for doubting that in the description of the emperor of Lilliput, Swift dimly shadowed forth some leading traits in the character of George I. The points of direct resemblance however, for obvious reasons, are very few; it is only by collecting all the incidents recorded of the Lilliputian emperor, that we find out his general similarity to the first monarch of the house of Brunswick. The following account of George I. will enable the reader to discover the most prominent points of identity in the two portraits. "George I. ascended the English throne in his fifty-fifth year, when men are usually more disposed to acquiesce in the settled routine than venture on novel and perhaps troublesome experiments. Moreover the natural

of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose: it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers: but neither of us

disposition and understanding of the king were not of a kind, at any period of his life, to carry him out of the established orbit. He was a person of as simple tastes as appearance; in England he was a stranger; his home being Hanover. He naturally inclined to the seclusion of a private station, being shy and reserved in public, but easy and facetious among his intimates. During the fourteen years of his government of the electorate, he had acquired the reputation of a just and circumspect prince, who well understood and steadily pursued his own interests, and would have been well content to end his days in the petty sovereignty of his ancestors, had not the ambition of others been greater than his own. Punctual in business, he was more dull than indolent; and the plain honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. He had no taste for literature or the arts, and was very parsimonious."—*Wade's British History*, p. 334.

could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble; who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some

of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.[1]

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time, the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds[2] of the common measure were brought

[1] Gulliver's history as a courtier at Lilliput, is obviously designed to represent the administration of Harley and Bolingbroke, at the close of Anne's reign. Whatever were the other demerits of that cabinet, it must be confessed that they showed more tenderness to the party by which they were opposed, and greater clemency to political delinquents than their successors. This forbearance, especially in the case of libellers, is very ingeniously intimated by Gulliver's granting pardon to the malicious archers Swift used frequently to remark that Anne was the only sovereign during whose entire reign no one suffered the penalties of high treason.

[2] Gulliver has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearance of the objects thus lessened.—*Orrery.*

in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double; which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigous numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the meantime the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine.[1] Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and

[1] The parsimony of George I. has been already noticed; "avarice was so predominant in him, that he would raise no troops to secure the succession."—*Wade's British History*, p. 334.

hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned; which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which, his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these or-

ders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language: during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt, were to express my desire "that he would be pleased to give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*;" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom: however, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me "to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied, "that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon

them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows :[1]

"*Imprimis*, In the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece, of coarse cloth, large enough to be a footcloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mi .eg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to

[1] This inventory is designed to ridicule the reports of the several committees of secrecy appointed by Walpole to investigate the presumed designs of the Jacobites, and especially the secret negotiations said to be connected with the treaty of Utrecht. It was said of these reports, that the committees "found nothing suspicious but what they could not understand:" to which it was added that "as they understood nothing, they suspected every thing."

our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round

substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought that we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and which served him for the same use; we found therein several massy

pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign:

Flefsen Frelock.

Marsi Frelock.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars.[1] He first called for my

[1] The searches made by the whigs in the houses of persons suspected of Jacobitism and Popery, are scarcely caricatured in this whimsical account of the examination of Gulliver's pockets. Sir Walter Scott has given a similar description in his Peveril of

scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty.[1] He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was, in most parts, exceeding

the Peak, where the emissaries of the House of Commons, puzzled by the ordinary habits of life in the higher ranks, were disposed to find treason in a laced waistcoat, and Popery in a hooped petticoat. Writing in Ireland, Swift was likely to find an ample supply of searchers and alarmists, for the Cromwellian settlers, deriving their title to their estates from no better source than the English suspicion and hatred of Popery, were anxious to keep alive such feelings; and catalogues of suspicious articles, even more ludicrous than those in the text, may be found in the records of Dublin Castle.

One of the objects of suspicion in those days, wearied out by constant requisitions to surrender his fire arms, and by the repeated annoyances which he had experienced, sent his poker, tongs and shovel to the arsenal, and took a regular receipt for them from the officer in command.

[1] There is exquisite humour in these formal preparations for security, which escaped the notice of the persons they were intended to intimidate. The satire is directed against the precautions taken by the whig ministers on receiving information of real or pretended plots of the Jacobites, particularly in May, 1722, when "orders were issued to all military officers to repair to their respective commands. General Macartney was despatched to Ireland, to bring over some troops into the west of England. Messengers were sent to Scotland to secure some suspected persons; and the States of Holland were directed to keep in readiness the guarantee troops, to be sent to England in case of need." —*Wade*, 369. At the same time a proclamation was issued, commanding all Papists to depart from London and Westminster and for confining Papists to their habitations.

bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect: he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground, as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at sight of the scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time.

I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it

made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more

acute than ours. he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no conse-

quence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

The author diverts the Emperor, and his nobility of both sexes, in a very uncommon manner—The diversions of the court of Lilliput described—The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high

favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest without failing, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset[1] several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England.[2] My

[1] *Summerset* or *summersault*, a gambol of a tumbler, in which he springs up, turns heels over head in the air, and comes down upon his feet.—*Orig.*

[2] Flimnap is intended for Sir Robert Walpole, from whom Swift at first had some expectations of promotion; when these were disappointed, the dean became the bitter enemy of the minister, and his hatred was aggravated by the zeal with which Walpole persecuted Swift's great favourites, Lord Bolingbroke and Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. In an epistle to the poet Gay, the dean gives the following bitter description of Walpole:

> And first to make my observation right,
> I place a statesman full before my sight,
> A bloated minister in all his geer,
> With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
> Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
> And ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.
> My fancy drags this monster to my view,
> To show the world his chief reverse in you.

friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer ;[1] the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But

> Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
> Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud ;
> With these, the court and senate-house he plies
> Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

And again, alluding to Walpole's continuance in office under George II., and Sir Spencer Compton's refusal to form an administration.

> I knew a brazen minister of state,
> Who bore for twice ten years the public hate;
> In every mouth, the question most in vogue
> Was, "*when will they turn out this odious rogue* ?"
> A juncture happen'd, in his highest pride :
> While he went robbing on, old master died.
> We thought there now remained no room to doubt;
> His work is done, the minister must out.
> The court invited more than one or two ;
> Will you, Sir Spencer ? or will you ? or you ?
> But not a soul his office durst accept;
> The subtle knave had all the plunder swept;
> And such was then the temper of the times;
> He owed his preservation to his crimes.
> The candidates observed his dirty paws,
> Nor found it difficult to guess the cause;
> But when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
> Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

[1] Mr. Secretary Stanhope was most probably intended by Reldresal; he supplanted Walpole in 1717, and adopted a more temperate and conciliatory course towards the Tories and Jacobites, with whom Swift was connected.

the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity! for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.[1]

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress, and the first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while

[1] Walpole was compelled to resign his office in 1717, through the intrigues of Lord Sunderland and Mr. Secretary Stanhope, who, following the king to Hanover, sought and found a favourable opportunity of supplanting Walpole and Townshend in the royal favour. After an exclusion of four years, which seemed politically "to have broken his neck," he was restored by his interest with the Duchess of Kendal, the favourite mistress of George I.; and this was "the king's cushion that lay accidentally on the ground, and weakened the force of the fall."

the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and the first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice around about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.[1]

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions

[1] The revival of the Order of the Bath by Sir Robert Walpole in 1726, as a cheap means of gratifying his political adherents, was fair game to a satirist like Swift. Walpole was distinguished not only by the Order of the Bath, but by that of the Garter, which was conferred on him in 1726.—*Coxe's Life of Walpole.*

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that blue is the cognizance of the Garter, red of the Bath, and green of the Thistle.

accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived, with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground, then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of the best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only

once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more, in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such

confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four abreast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe

the strictest decency with regard to my person; which however, could not prevent some of the younger offi-

cers from turning up their eyes, as they passed under me; and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.[1]

[1] The author probably intends to ridicule the partiality of George I. for reviews and military pageantry, Hogarth's celebrated pic-

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy.[2] But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by

ture of the "March of the Guards to Finchly," belongs to a much later period, but its satiric touches would probably have been as applicable in the reign of the first as of the second George.

[2] Skyresh Bolgolam is most probably the Duke of Argyle, who was greatly incensed at Swift's attacks on the Scottish nation, in his "Public Spirit of the Whigs." In an unfinished poem on himself, the Dean alludes to the proclamation offering three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author of this pamphlet, which was issued at the demand rather than the request of the Duke of Argyle; he conducted all the Scotch lords in a body to demand an audience of the queen, and seek reparation.

> The queen incensed, his services forgot,
> Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot;
> Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
> To fix a price on his devoted head,
> While, innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
> His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

See also the character given of Argyle in Swift's notes on Macky—Appendix to Lilliput. I.

two under-secretaries and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first, in the manner of my own country, and afterward in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But, because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.[1]

GOLBASTO MOMAREM EVLAME GURDILO SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposes to the Man-moun-

In his description of *Lilliput*, in the following Articles, Gulliver seems to have had *England* more immediately in view. In his decription of *Blefuscu*, he seems to intend the people and kingdom of *France.—Orrery.*

It is perhaps in order to qualify this parallel that Swift has changed the relative description of the two countries, and made Lilliput the continent, Blefuscu the island.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

tain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:

I. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our license under our great seal.

II. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time, the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

III. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

IV. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

V. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

VI. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the Island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

VII. That the said Man-mountain shall, at his time of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in

helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

VIII. That the said Man-mountain shall in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which to avoid the censure of vanity I shall not repeat, he added "that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future."

The reader may please to observe, that in the last

article of the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the emperor's palace —A conversation between the author and a principal secretary, concerning the affairs of that empire—The author offers to serve the emperor in his wars.

LIBERTY having been granted me, my first request was for permission to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor readily allowed me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall, which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sidelong through the two principal streets only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being

five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five

feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the

royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were bu eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined.

There I saw the empress and the young princes, in

their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.[1]

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning and religion; their plants and animals; their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said "he might pretend to some merit in it;"

[1] The character of the empress is manifestly taken from that of Queen Anne—good-natured, but easily duped.

but however added, "that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For," said he, "as flourishing condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*,[1] from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high-heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low-heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe: and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court—(*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high-heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels;

[1] High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every *accidental difference* between man and man in person and circumstances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; so *speculative differences* are shown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are opposed and defended too much exceeds their importance.—*Hawksworth*

at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait.[1] Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs,

[1] George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was at this time vehement in his hostility to his father's ministers; like all heirs-apparent since the accession of the house of Brunswick, he chose his political friends among the parties most opposed to the court, calling around him both the discontented whigs and the displeased tories. We learn from a letter of Mrs. Howard, that the prince was greatly amused at this description of his hobbling between the two political parties. On his accession to the throne, which took place shortly after the publication of Gulliver, he was easily induced by Queen Caroline to continue Sir Robert Walpole at the head of affairs; an unexpected change, which greatly disappointed Swift and his friends.

before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers; whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs.[1] The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life,[2] and another his crown.[3] These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral, which is

[1] The controversy respecting the sacraments between the Romish and Anglican churches is humorously portrayed in the dispute about the proper end of breaking the egg. The emperor who cut his fingers is manifestly Henry VIII., who was so sadly perplexed by the sacrament of marriage, and the difficulty of divorce.

[2] Charles I. [3] James II.

their Alcoran. This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end; and which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine.[1]

"Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours.[2] However, they have now equipped

[1] Swift appears to intimate that the great point at issue between the Romish and English churches, the sacrament of the eucharist, has been decided too positively by the theologians on both sides; he intimates that the question of transubstantiation should be left open to the faith of the receiver, in accordance with the memorable lines of Queen Elizabeth.

Christ was the word that spake it
He took the bread, and brake it,
And what that word did make it;
That I believe and take it.

[2] This description of the Big-endian war is designed for the wars of the revolution, which were terminated by the peace of Utrecht, and the enumeration of the losses and slaughter occasioned by the war is intended to vindicate Harley and Bolingbroke for bringing it to a conclusion.

a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and let him know, "that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."[1]

[1] Gulliver, without examining the subject of dispute, readily engaged to defend the emperor against invasion; because he knew that no such monarch had a right to invade the dominions of another, for the propagation of truth.—*Hawkesworth.*

CHAPTER V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion.—A high title of honour is conferred upon him.—Ambassadors arrive from the Emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace.—The Empress's apartments on fire by accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

Lilliput is part of the continent, but the empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of the mainland, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Ble-

fuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle abont thirty yards, till I felt ground. I ar-

rived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frighted when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where

there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred arrows in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemey's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and

thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive.[1] When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, nad that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried, in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received

[1] The capture of the Blefuscudian fleet is intended to represent the efforts made by the tory ministry to secure the naval supremacy of England in the negotiations at Utrecht, and particularly their success in procuring the demolition of Dunkirk, and the cession of several French colonies.

me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.[1]

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less

[1] The treaty at Utrecht was at first very popular with the English people; and it was regarded by Queen Anne as a blessing to England and to Europe. The promised demolition of Dunkirk, and its surrender as a guarantee to General Hill, were regarded not only by the court, but by the nation, as an advantage scarcely inferior to what the capture of the Blefuscudian fleet would have been to the emperor of Lilliput. Swift wrote a song on the event, which was very popular. The following are the concluding stanzas:—

Our merchant ships may cut the line,
And not be snapt by privateers;
And commoners who love good wine,
Will drink it now as well as peers;
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise cent. per cent.;
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain;
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
And the queen shall enjoy her own again.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the lord of Oxford swears
Dunkirk never shall be theirs;
The Dutch-hearted whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A health to General Hill,
For the queen now enjoys her own again.

than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery;" and when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.[1]

This open, bold declaration of mine, was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, were I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which by a side-wind reflected on me; and from this time began an intrigue between his majesty, and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke

[1] The conquest of France was seriously believed feasible by many friends of the Duke of Marlborough; but when the siege of such a petty fortress as Bouchain occupied the greater part of one campaign, the best English statesmen saw there was little chance of such a consummation. Mesnager, if the memoirs published in his name be not a forgery, declares that the tories used to annoy the whigs by asking "How long will it take to conquer France at the rate of a Bouchain per summer?" In the debates on the treaty of Utrecht (A. D. 1713), the advocates for peace had decidedly the best of the argument, so that Gulliver is justified in saying that "the wisest were of his opinion."

out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors with a train of about five hundred persons: and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country.

Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner, but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, "that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;" from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.[1]

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongue, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour: yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech, in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each

[1] The charge raised against Gulliver for his innocent intercourse with the ambassadors from Blefuscu alludes to the chief accusation brought against Bolingbroke (A. D. 1715), which was his treasonable intimacy with the French ministers during the negotiations of the peace at Utrecht. Bolingbroke's journey to France to negotiate a separate peace, and his clandestine intercourse with the agents of Louis, were, however, of such a suspicious nature, that he did not think it prudent to wait for his trial.

empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could any thing but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and or-

ders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could ; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable ; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called *glimigrim* (the Blefuscudians call it *flunec*), but ours is esteemed the better sort, which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine, which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor ; because although I had done a very eminent piece of

service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, "that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form;" which however, I could not obtain; and I was privately assured, that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidents, could not forbear vowing revenge.[1]

[1] Swift, in this description of the empress's hostility on account of his indecency, and her forgetfulness of the essential service which he had rendered, alludes to the prejudices of Queen Anne, who was more indignant at the immorality of his writings than grateful for his support of her favourite ministry. The Queen had actually nominated Swift to an English Bishopric, when Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, went to the Queen, showed her the "Tale of a Tub," and declared that the author of such a work could not be made a prelate without bringing disgrace on the church. Hence Swift, in the lines on himself, complains that he is

> By an old ——— pursued,
> A crazy prelate and a royal prude.

And again,

> York is from Lambeth sent to show the queen
> A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen,
> Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
> 'T is thought could be the work of none but Swift.

The Archbishop was eagerly seconded by the Duchess of Somerset, whom Swift had bitterly lampooned. The Queen could never afterwards be persuaded to revoke her determination, and Swift thenceforth always spoke of her in terms of contempt.

CHAPTER VI.[1]

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs; the manner of educating their children.—The author's way of living in that country.—His vindication of a great lady.

QUARRELS and intrigues are so common in courts, that I need not dwell on the calumnies devised by the envious to prejudice the mind of the empress still further against me, and I shall therefore turn to a different subject. Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees; for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the small.

[1] In a German critique on Gulliver's Travels, this chapter has been rather severely censured, because the author has neglected to give any particulars of the Lilliputian climate and its effects; a source from which the review avers, that many circumstances might have been deduced which would give an additional plausibility to the narrative. It must be observed, however, in Swift's justification, that this neglect of observing climate and its peculiarities is common to all the early narratives of voyagers, and also that for the purposes of his satire it was necessary to identify the Lilliputian climate with that of England.

est, which, to my sight were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view; they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk.

Their tallest trees are about seven feet high, I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages has flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans;

Inimitable, Incomparable:

nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians;

حبج لضشص شجلق ننخذ جكس لمجثحد

nor from up to down, like the Chinese;

草 天
才 風
功 律
史 子

but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence; or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with

death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess I was heartily ashamed.[1]

Although we call rewards and punishments the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of *snilpall*, or legal, which

[1] An act of parliament has since been passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital.—*Orig.*

is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigous defect of policy among us when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show that she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as

the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station ; for since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.[1]

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries : for they reason thus; that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children, differ extremely from ours. For since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the

[1] The author alludes to the prostitution of honours, and the lavish distribution of titles, in the reign of James I.

great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle; for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts, in their love encounters, were otherwise employed.[1] Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth,

[1] Sir Walter Scott is of opinion that this idea is borrowed from Cyrano Bergerac's Voyage to the Moon, where he finds a people with whom it was the rule that parents should obey their children.

are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together, in smaller or greater numbers, to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweet meats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those de-

signed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old: whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chamber-maids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and

seldom without the tears of the young lady and her companions.

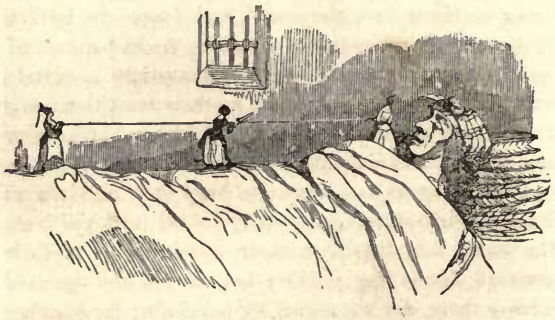
In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of work proper for their sex, and their several degrees; those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept until eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, beside their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition: and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them, are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head me-

chanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get, which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of



an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground

before them for a pattern; they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and

arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of

meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders, all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired "that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness," as he was pleased to call it, "of dining with me." They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high-treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but ate more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy,

though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor "the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me."[1]

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer on my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court; and I still appeal to my servants round whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without knowing what persons were in it. On those

[1] Sir Robert Walpole was often reproached with false economy,—no uncommon topic of railing against the whigs. The parsimonious disposition of George I. has been already noticed.

occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four), and place them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents; and I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make the best of it), Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned,[1] to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in Eng-

[1] The Dean probably alludes to the inquiries made into Bolingbroke's intrigues by the Committee of 1715, and particularly that which he was suspected of having formed with Madame Tencin. There are few passages in this work which can compete for grave and quiet humour with Gulliver's earnest defence of the lady's character.

land; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favourite.

CHAPTER VII.

The author being informed of a design to accuse him of high-treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu.—His reception there.

An account of my leaving this kingdom may properly be prefaced by some particulars of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me. I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty), came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and giving orders to a trusty servant, to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's

countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:—

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high admiral) has been your mortal enemy, almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap, the high treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded.

"Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles;[1] wherein I venture my head for your service.

[1] These articles are designed to ridicule the articles of impeachment against Oxford, Ormond, and Bolingbroke, in 1715.

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT

AGAINST

QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

ART. I.

'WHEREAS, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whosoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high-treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, etc., against the duty, etc.

There are many who believed, that in consequence of the numerous victories obtained by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, it would have been possible for the Allies to have marched to Paris, and compelled Louis XIV. to purchase peace by the sacrifice of a large portion of his dominion. Swift so far yields to popular prejudice as not to contest the possibility of such an exploit (here typified by the complete conquest of Blefuscu); he takes the higher ground of national justice, and insinuates that if the Allies had violated the integrity of France, they would have been guilty of the very crime which furnished a pretext for their inveterate hostility to Louis XIV. The frivolous and vexatious character of some of the articles of Gulliver's impeachment is scarcely an exaggeration of the trivial nature of many of the charges brought against Queen Anne's last cabinet by the Walpole administration.

ART. II.

'That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy; he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.[1]

ART. III.

'That whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty's court; he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants of a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

ART. IV.

'That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he

[1] A lawyer thinks himself honest, if he does the best he can for his client; and a statesman, if he promotes the interests of his country: but the Dean here inculcates a higher notion of right and wrong, and obligations to a larger community.—*Hawkesworth.*

has received only verbal license from his imperial majesty, and, under colour of the said license, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.'

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many mark of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night; and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He al

lowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both of your eyes, he humbly conceived that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty: that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us: that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.[1]

[1] The pretended merciful counsel of Reldresal, who proposed a commutation of punishment, which, however, was worse than death, appears to be a satire on those whigs who proposed that the Earl of Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, instead of being impeached for high treason, and thus brought in peril of life, should only be accused of high misdemeanors, which would justify their being deprived of title and estate, and sentenced to civil death.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but rising up in a fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the grea. aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reason to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced, by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes, was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowls, after which they fed the faster and grew sooner fat; that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own consciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was

a sufficient argument to condemn you to death without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.[1]

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter.[2] And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you will grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so danger-

[1] There is something so odious in whatever is wrong, that even those whom it does not subject to punishment, endeavour to colour it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unsuccessful, and only betrays a consciousness of deformity by showing a desire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to dispense with the strict letter of the law to put Gulliver to death, though by the strict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the statute not being to suffer the palace rather to be burnt than so to be extinguished.—*Hawksworth.*

[2] This appears to be directed against the partial pardon which was granted to Lord Bolingbroke. George I. could never be persuaded to restore him to his rights as a peer, though Bolingbroke bribed the Duchess of Kendal to use her powerful intercession, and actually induced her to place his memorial in the king's own hand.

ous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting, except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, be ng a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to in sist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will ake; and to avoid suspicion, I must immediately re turn in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom ;[1] nor did any thing terrify the people so much, as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy ; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial ; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges

[1] Sir Walter Scott supposes that a sarcasm is intended here against the royal proclamations issued after the rebellion of 1715, but Swift more probably alludes to the king's speech at the opening of parliament, October 11th, 1722, wherein he informed both Houses of the conspiracy to restore the Pretender, in which Atterbury was involved.

thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once, I was strongly bent upon resistance: for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.[1]

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than my self, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have

[1] Gulliver's defence of himself for escaping to Blefuscu is a covert apology for Bolingbroke's flight to France in 1715; a circumstance which was frequently quoted as decisive proof of his guilt, and censured as an act of imprudence by many who believed in his innocence. The Dean insinuates that it was like that of Gulliver, rendered necessary by the malice of the ministers of the day; and it must be confessed that the mode in which the articles of impeachment were urged forward, gave too much reason to believe that Bolingbroke's death was pre-determined by his accusers

submitted to so easy a punishment.[1] But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's license to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them "to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command." I had an answer in about an hour, "that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me." I advanced a hundred yards.

[2] This bitter stroke of irony is directed against the acts of parliament by which Ormond, Bolingbroke, and the Bishop of Rochester, were attainted. Swift gave rather a perilous proof of his belief in the innocence of the Duke of Ormond, when, after that nobleman's attainder, the heralds from the Irish College of Arms went to remove his escutcheon from St. Patrick's Cathedral, Swift refused them admittance, and persevered in keeping the duke's coat of arms in its ancient place of honour.

The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty, "that I was come according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince;" not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.[1]

[1] The author probably alludes to the severe hardships endured by many of the Jacobite exiles in France.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship; whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the

end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the forepart of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor "that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up; together with his license

to depart;" which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard[1] of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with a copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu "the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor." The envoy farther added, "that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor."[2]

[1] 'I did very much wonder not to have heard,' etc. This sentence is ungrammatical; it should have been, 'I did very much wonder, in all this time, at not having heard of any express,' etc. —*Sheridan.*

[2] This embassy from Lilliput is designed to satirize the fre

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, "that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance."

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it, and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that "since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs." Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain ac

quent remonstrances made to the French court by the English ministers in consequence of the protection granted to the Jacobites.

cident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.[1]

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty, of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest

[1] This irony is directed against the jealousy with which Bolingbroke, during his exile, was regarded by the French ministers. His restless spirit of intrigue rendered him scarcely less formidable at Versailles than he had been at St. James's. During his exile, Bolingbroke entered into the Pretender's service, but soon quarrelled with his master, and was formally attainted at the mock court of St. James's. It was a singular fortune to be secretary to and attainted by both governments. Swift has invariably eulogized Bolingbroke as a pure patriot; but he was far from deserving that character. "His life," says a recent writer, "was chiefly spent in retirement, and though not highly exemplary of practical wisdom, he was looked up to with oracular veneration by contemporary wits and politicians. He was a fine speaker and highly accomplished man; of great energy and decision of character; but unscrupulous, and lacked the integrity of principle and singleness of purpose which inspire confidence and lead to unquestioned excellence. He was ambitious, envious of superiority, resentful; lax in morals, a partisan in politics and an infidel in religion.

timber trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* apiece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready-dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed; and to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail, on the twenty-fourth day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening, I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north

east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent[1] had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of

[1] "I underwent," is not English; it should have been "I had undergone or "I underwent."

my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow, and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep: I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing on a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.[1]

[1] This is a passing sarcasm on the numerous acts of parliament for encouraging the woollen manufactures, and the various

I stayed but two months with my wife and family, for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land near Epping of about thirty pounds a year, and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needlework. I took leave of my wife and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the Second Part of my Travels.

schemes proposed in Swift's time for improving the growth and fineness of wool. There is probably no other subject on which greater blunders have been made in commercial legislation than the English woollen trade, nor any which more clearly shows the futility of protecting duties and direct encouragement from parliament. Swift provoked the indignation of the party in power, by protesting earnestly against the commercial jealousy which annihilated the woollen manufactures of Ireland, under pretence of their interfering with the staple manufacture of England; but wool was the favourite hobby of his day, and projects for extending the trade formed no small part of the bubbles of 1720.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN

An Ode,

BY TITTY TIT, ESQ.

POET-LAUREAT TO HIS MAJESTY OF LILLIPUT

Translated into English

In amaze,
Lost, I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise!
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse inspire
All thy fire.
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See, and believe your eyes.

See him stride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods,
When he treads,
Mountains' heads

Groan and shake;
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops take heed.
Left and right,
Speed your flight
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound;
From his nose
Clouds he blows;
When he speaks
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats;
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand,
So shall I,
Lofty poet, touch the sky.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.[1]

CHAPTER I.

A great storm described; the long boat sent to fetch water, the author goes with it to discover the country.—He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives and carried to a farmer's house.—His reception, with several accidents that happened there.—A description of the inhabitants.

An active and restless life having been assigned me by nature and fortune, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale, till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discover-

[1] The existence of giants as a distinct race, superior in strength and stature to the rest of mankind, was long maintained as an article of faith, not merely by the ignorant and vulgar, but by men of learning. According to the Rabbins, Adam was not only the first but the largest of mankind: they affirm that when he was created, his stature was so great that his head reached the heavens. This so annoyed the angels that they remonstrated with the Creator, upon which God placed his hand on Adam's head, and he instantly shrank into one thousand cubits. When the Garden of Eden was disjoined from the rest of the world, after the Fall, by the interposition of the ocean, they assert that Adam

ing a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed

waded through the depths to his new habitation, and that Eve accompanied him without fear of drowning; which she might well do, if, as the Mohammedan doctors tell us, when her head lay on a hill near Mecca, her knees rested on two others in the plain, more than two bow-shots asunder.

Not only Jewish but Christian writers have maintained that a gigantic antediluvian race was produced by the intercourse between "the sons of God" and "the daughters of men." (Gen. vi. 5.) And they aver, that these giants were destroyed by the universal deluge. Hence the Douay version renders Job xxvi. 5: "Behold the giants groan under the waters, and they that dwell with them. Hell is naked before them, and there is no cover for perdition." To this sublime version the following comment is added: "Giants were not able to wade in Noah's flood, but were drowned with the rest." The Rabbins however make an exception in favour of Og, king of Basan, compared to whom, according to their legends, all other giants were mere Lilliputians. The waters of the deluge, they say, only reached to his knees, and he was alive at the time of Exodus, when Goc destroyed him by the hand of Moses. For Og, perceiving the advance of the Israelites, whose army covered a space of nine miles, cut a stone out of a mountain, so wide, that it would have covered the whole army, and he put it on his head that he might throw it upon them. But God sent a lapwing which pecked a hole through the stone, so that it slipped over Og's head, and hung around his neck like a necklace. The weight bore him to the ground on his face, and in this condition he was attacked by Moses. Moses was ten cubits in stature, and he took a spear ten cubits long, and threw it ten cubits high, and yet it only reached Og's heels. Moses however succeeded in slaying him; and when he was dead, his body lay for a whole year, reaching as far as the river Nile in Egypt.

The feats of the giants who warred against the gods are sufficiently known, and they may be passed over as purely mytho-

the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from

logical. But grave historians have recorded that Scandinavia was originally inhabited by giants, one of whom, according to Olaus Magnus, was an eminent poet; and, unlike the rest of the tuneful brotherhood, wrote against indulgence in love and wine. Britain, if we may trust Grafton's Chronicle, was similarly tenanted: "Brute with his companie after his first landing in the island at Totnesse, searched and travailed throughout all the land, and found the same to be marvellous ryche and plentifull of wood and pasture, and garnished with most goodly and pleas ant ryvers and stremes; and as he passed he was encountered in sundry places with a great number of mightie and strong gyants, which at that time did inhabite the same."

A belief in the existence of whole nations of giants is only now beginning to fade away before the gradual progress of geographical discovery. The ancients supposed that giants possessed the interior of Africa. In the time of Purchas (A. D. 1614), the Indians of Virginia were supposed to belong to the race of Anak, for he gives the following account of a Virginian tribe, on the authority of Alexander Whitaker, an early traveller in these regions. "The Sasquesahanockes are a gianily people, strange in proportion, behaviour, and attire, their voice sounding from them as out of a cave, their attire of bears' skins hanged with bears' paws, the head of a wolf, and such like jewels; and (if any would have a spoone to eat with the divele) their tobacco-pipes were three quarters of a yard long, carved at the great end with a bird, beare, or other device, sufficient to beat out the braines of a horse, (and how many asses' braines are beat out, or rather men's braines smoked out and asses' braines haled in, by our lesse pipes at home?) the rest of their furniture was suitable. The calf of one of their legges was measured three-quarters of a yard about, the rest of his limbs proportionable." The exaggerated accounts of the Patagonians, published by Magellan and Le Maire, had not been refuted in Swift's time; so late as 1764, Commodore Byron declared that their stature filled him with astonishment. Hence

the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together; during which time, we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2d of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm; whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened on the day following; for the

Brobdingnag, considered merely as a fiction, did not seem so extravagant in the early part of the eighteenth as it does in the nineteenth century.

Lucian in his True History, and Bishop Godwin in his whimsical account of Domingo Gonsales' journey to the moon, have introduced gigantic races into their fictions. It is very probable that Swift took his first hint of the Brobdingnaggians from the latter; for, like the bishop, he associates mildness and gentleness with enormous stature. "Many of the lunarians," says the author of the World in the Moon, "live wonderful long, even beyond belief; affirming to me that some survived thirty thousand moons, which is above a thousand years; and this is generally noted, that the taller people are of stature, the more excellent are their endowments of mind, and the longer time they live; for their stature is very different, great numbers not much exceeding ours, who seldom live above a thousand moons, which is fourscore of our years. These they account base unworthy creatures, but one degree above brute beasts, and employ them in mean and servile offices, calling them bastards, counterfeits, or changelings. Those whom they account true natural lunars, or moon-men, exceed ours generally thirty times, both in quantity of body and length of life, proportionable to the quality of the day in both worlds: theirs containing almost thirty of our days."

southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow,[1] we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but, making foul weather, we looked that the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the foresheet; the helm was hard-a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over

[1] This is a parody upon the account of storms and naval manœuvres frequent in old voyages, and is merely an assemblage of sea-terms put together at random

the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie. During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we

were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost

distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether); on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river, or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp pointed rocks, the monster was not

able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure, but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you come to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand,

and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him, with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven, that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world;

where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions, which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune, to have let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?[1]

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in

[1] The satire in the account of the Voyage to Lilliput is for the most part personal, but in the account of Brobdingnag the satire is general, and directed against institutions rather than individuals. There are, however, a few sarcastic hits in the account given of the court of Brobdingnag, which bore hard on the statesmen of the day.—*Percy, Bishop of Dromore, MS.*

two with his reaping hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in; for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my

sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and

finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hair aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, "Whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me?" he then placed me softly on the ground on all fours, but I immediately got up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, and then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his

palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thonght it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon

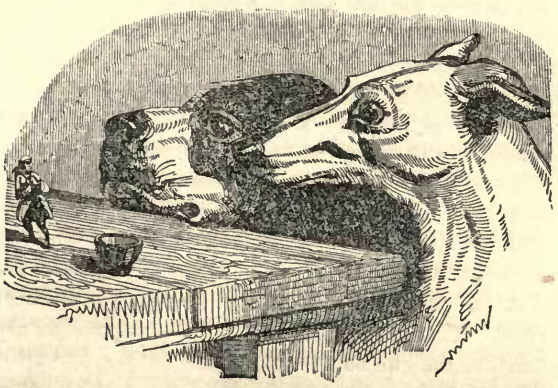
reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being at great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my

arm out of good manners), and waving it over my head, gave three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off; and though my mistress held her fast, for fear she

might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and



came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmer's houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist; but all in vain; so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment, that

the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon the subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said "he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours, altogether disagreeable;" although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, "one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose;" nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and

gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked,[1] and found myself alone, in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and about two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down. I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave

[1] This ought to have been "awoke," the preterit of the verb neuter, not "awaked," the preterit of the verb active.—*Sheridan.*

him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to draw the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding. I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after, my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs, to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down.

I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this, and other accounts of my travels, to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance; however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAPTER II.

A description of the farmer's daughter.—The author carried to a market town and then to the Metropolis.—The particulars of his journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress, to teach me the language; when I pointed to any thing, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever

I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She

gave me the name of *Grildrig*, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *manikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdal clitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great

ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it also imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him *he was welcome*, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry, and out of countenance. He

had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two and twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune

could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England; since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were[1] but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Albans. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town, of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

[1] The subjunctive mood is improperly used here; it should have been the indicative, "though it was," instead of "though it were." —*Sheridan.*

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said *they were welcome*, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in.[1] My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except

[1] The passion for shows and sight-seeing was never at a greater height in England than during the reign of George I.; and the wags of the day derived great amusement from practising on the credulity of the people. Immense crowds assembled to see a man creep into a quart bottle, and when they discovered that they had been deceived, were near destroying the house in their rage. Swift's works contain several amusing parodies of the puffing placards in which these exhibitions were announced.

my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion; but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time, I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I was not carried to the town.

My master finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having, therefore, provided himself

with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles' distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made every thing as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road, for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a-day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air, and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages, and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a-day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make shift to explain a sentence here and there ; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas ; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion ; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

The author sent for to court—The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king—He disputes with his majesty's great scholars—an apartment at court provided for the author—He is in high favour with the queen—He stands up for the honour of his own country—His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

LABOURS such as I underwent every day, made, in a few weeks, a very considerable change in my health; the more my master got by me the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on the table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it

with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked "whether I would be content to live at court?" I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered, "that I was my master's slave; but if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service." She then asked my master, "whether he was willing to sell me at a good price?" He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor."

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, "that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his fields, which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated, under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation; so, I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive, by the influence of her most august presence."

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the

king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, "how long it was since she grew fond of a *splacnuck?*" for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words, and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign ac-

cent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in the weekly waiting, according to the custom of that country. These gentlemen, after they had awhile examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects; which they offered, by many learned arguments,[1] to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered

[1] By this reasoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of those philosophers, who have thought fit to arraign the wisdom of Providence in the creation and government of the world; whose cavils are specious, like those of the Brobdingnagian sages, only in proportion to the ignorance of those to whom they are proposed.—*Hawkesworth.*

through a magnifying-glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously, that I was only *relplum scalcath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus naturæ;* a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

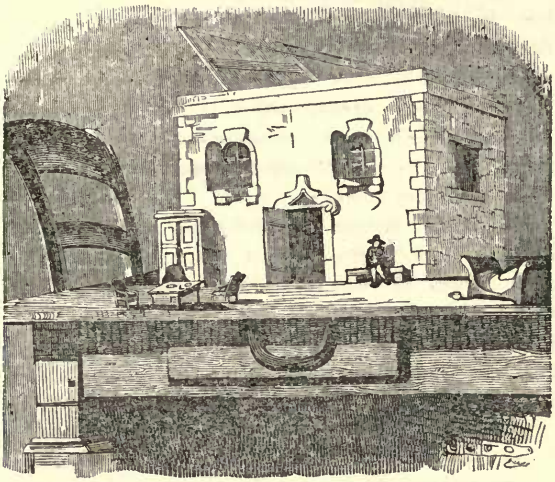
After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty, "that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses, were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments." To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, "that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson."[1] The king, who had a much better understanding,

[1] This satire is levelled against all who reject those facts for which they cannot perfectly account, notwithstanding the absurdity of rejecting the testimony by which they are supported. —*Hawkesworth.*

dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town.[1] Having, therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my direction, in three weeks, finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash windows, a door and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board, that made the ceiling, was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glum-

[1] Sir Walter Scott thinks that Swift has designedly introduced some traits of William III.'s character in the sketch of the king of Brobdingnag; but if any thing more than the ideal of a patriot monarch is designed, it is probable that the Dean had an eye to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., from whom the tories had formed favourable anticipations.

dalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up



the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I

have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England.[1] I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the

[1] Swift's frequent references to proportions, both here and in the Voyage to Lilliput, give an air of probability to his story which none of his imitators have been able to attain.

queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelvepenny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their sabbath), the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe, wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved coun-

try, of our trade and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and, stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I was a whig or tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed, "how contemptible a thing was human grandeur which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; and yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure and dress in equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray." And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.[1]

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no.[2] For, after having been accus-

[1] These boasts, which have been the common-places of party during the last two centuries, are rendered supremely ridiculous by their contrast with the speech of the king of Brobdingnag.

[2] "Whether I was injured or no."—This vulgar and ungrammatical mode of expression has become almost universal; but instead of "no" the particle "not" should be used. The absurdity of the former will appear by only repeating the word to which

tomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect, was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them, as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle,

it refers, and annexing to it, as thus—"whether I were injured, or no injured," whereas, whether I were injured, or *not* injured," is good grammar.—*Sheridan.*

and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again on the dish erect, as it stood

before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this; the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose larger optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado

to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf, to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in

fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe; upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

The country described—A proposal for correcting modern maps—The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis—The author's way of travelling—The chief temple described.

JOURNEYS with Glumdalclitch having given me some knowledge of the country, I now intend to give the reader a short description of it, as far as I travelled, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there stayed till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth; whence I cannot but conclude, that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the

north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides, it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one seaport in the whole kingdom; and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world.[1] But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish: for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the

[1] This description of a sea that could not be safely navigated appears to have been taken from that veracious traveller, Sir J. Mandeville. "From the land of Bactry, men go many days' journey to the land of Prester John, that is a great emperor of Inde; and men call his land the yle of Pantoxore. . . . There are many places in the sea where are many rockes of a stone that is called adamand, the which of his own kinde draweth all manner of yron, and therefore there may be no ships that hath yron nayles pass but it draweth them to him, and therefore they dare not go into that country with ships for fear of adamand. I went once into that sea, and saw along as it had been a great yle of trees stockes and branches growinge, and the shipman told me that those were of greate shippes that abode there through the vertue of the adamandes, and of things that were in the shippes, whereof those trees sprung and waxed."

reasons to be determined by philosophers. However now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles), and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess fre-

quently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster Hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacle that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck, larger than five wool-packs; and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made

for me, of about twelve feet square, and ten high, for the convenience of travelling; because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach: it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant, in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order; for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour, than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides, from my three windows. I had, in this closet, a field-bed, and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs, and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse, or the coach. And having been long used to sea voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling closet: which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly, one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation, to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed, that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength; for the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors, cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some

rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length.[1] Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is, indeed. a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St. Paul's; for I measured the latter on purpose, after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme, and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom), and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to

[1] Had Swift seen the colossal statuary of ancient Egypt, he would have found that it rivalled the imaginary sculpture of Brobdingnag. Belzoni has given the exact dimensions of the four stupendous figures which are seated side by side in front of the excavated temple of Ipsambul; each of them, though seated, measures sixty-four feet from the ground to the top of the cap: the arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, measures fifteen feet and a half, the ear three feet and a half, and the chest, across the shoulders, twenty-five feet four inches. Yet the great Sphinx is half as large again as these. Among the Egyptian antiquities there is a colossal fist, probably belonging to a sphinx: were the hand opened, the finger would be nearly of the size of that which Glumdalclitch is said to have picked up.

complain that I had done them an injury, by a false and diminutive representation.[1]

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables; they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended, for state, by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which, indeed, I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

[1] Lord Orrery has directed attention to the air of probability which Swift's minute attention to proportions, and his reference to familiar objects as a standard, give to his account of Lilliput. The same tact is not less observable in the account of Brobdingnag, and particularly in the comparison of the royal kitchen with the cupola of St. Paul's; perhaps also Swift intended to hint that St. Paul's, however splendid as an edifice, does not, like the gothic cathedrals, immediately suggest that it was erected for religious purposes.

CHAPTER V.

Several adventures that happened to the author—The execution of a criminal—The author shows his skill in navigation.

JUSTLY may I say, that I should have lived happy enough in the country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must need show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme; but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is that at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious[1] to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his

[1] The particle "as," is here improperly omitted; it should be, so curious "as" to weigh, etc.—*Sheridan.*

mouth, ran straight to his master wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me

how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I

came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who, by this time, had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures, that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near

them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day, I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily, at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings, on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's-length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me.[1] They would often strip me

[1] Swift attributed his disappointment in his hopes of obtaining a bishopric from Queen Anne to the united influence of female intrigues and the remonstrances of Archbishop Sharpe. The Duchess of Somerset is said to have besought the queen on her knees not to grant him promotion, in revenge for a bitter lampoon, in which the character of the duchess was very roughly

naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms, wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantages of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex; but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point, I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of concupiscence; for they would strip themselves to the

handled. Coarse as is the description here given of the maids of honour in the court of Brobdingnag, there is reason to believe that it has been much softened down from the original sketch.

skin, and put their smocks on in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust; their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tons. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicksome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted; and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed on a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head

cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal[1] for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, "If I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in." The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days, finished a pleasure boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap, to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two skulls, or little oars, for

[1] It should be—"was not equal to it," etc.—*Sheridan.*

want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep: which being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet, upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless[1] to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw

[1] It should be—"was so careless *as* to let."—*Sheridan.*

this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box; but the monkey looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost dis-

tracted ; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar ; the servants ran for ladders ; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat ; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing ; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down ; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men ; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves : but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat ; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle,

and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, "what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw? how I liked the victuals he gave me? his manner of feeding? and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach?" He desired to know "what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country?" I told his majesty, "that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal, with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it, with more haste than he put it in."

This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must need try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle, up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with

his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box, till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court: so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen—He shows his skill in music—The king inquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him—The king's observations thereon.

JOINED as I was to the court, I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a-week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distances, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless; neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the

queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl, round those parts where I designed the backs and seats: through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths, than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delignted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on the table to hear them; but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets

of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window curtains, after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a-week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner A fancy came into my head that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks, about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sidelong upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever

underwent; and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor, consequently, play the bass and treble together, as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards' distance, upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, "that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service." The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired "I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation."

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole na-

tion, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their life, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.[1]

[1] The doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, so strenuously maintained by many eminent English divines, rendered the church an object of suspicion to the several whig cabinets, and ministerial patronage was exerted to weaken the political influence of the church by promoting persons not likely to maintain the claims of ecclesiastical power. Not only Swift, but many others complained that the church was betrayed by the state, and that the secular power was directly exerted to overthrow episcopal authority. Bishop Warburton, in one of his letters, urges this complaint with his usual force, vulgarity, and mannerism; the passage is also remarkable for a Brobdingnagian image worthy of Swift himself. "You mention Noah's ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But I suppose I compared it to the church, as many a grave divine has done before me. The rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog cotemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose, that in that stormy weather he was more than half boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely when the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious cavalier mounted on his hackney; and see if it does not bring before you the church bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion."

The former comparison of the church to the ark, which Warburton's correspondent appears to have noticed, is not less characteristic. "The church, like the ark of Noah, is worth saving, not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without."

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses,

his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked, "what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be the motives in those advancements?[1] What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose

[1] A bill for the Limitation of the Peerage was passed by the House of Lords in 1719; but after a long debate, was rejected by an overwhelming majority of the Commons. On this occasion, the tories joined with that section of the whigs which recognized Walpole as a leader. Swift unconsciously has adopted a portion of the reasoning of his great enemy.

opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly ?"[1]

He then desired to know, "what arts were prac-

[1] Swift very frequently assailed the Irish bench of bishops, asserting that they were ignorant of the creed of their own church, In one of these attacks on the episcopal body, he says,—

Of whom there are not four at most
Who know there is an Holy Ghost;
And when they boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And when they gave it, 't is well known,
They gave what never was their own.

In mother political squib, we find the following bitter lines,—

Let prelates by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell, what they so dearly bought,
This country nor their own, for nought.

The Bishop of Kilkenny was particularly obnoxious to the Dean, and bears the brunt of Swift's fierce attack on the Irish bench, for proposing to divide the church livings.

Old Latimer, preaching, did fairly describe
A bishop, who ruled all the rest of his tribe:
And who is this bishop? and where did he dwell?
Why, truly, 't is Satan, Archbishop of Hell:
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his Grim Grace for a pound to a penny
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Had got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there incog,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.

tised in electing those whom I called commoners; whether a stranger with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension; because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere?"[1] And he desired to know, "whether such

[1] Considerable excitement was produced by Sir John Cope having charged Sir Francis Page, one of the barons of the Exchequer, with endeavouring to corrupt the borough of Banbury, in order to secure the return of Sir William Codrington, at the next election. The charge was heard at the bar of the House of Commons, and though the ministers of the day exerted all their influence to shield the judge, he was acquitted by a majority of four only, the numbers being 128 to 124. A bill for securing the Freedom of Elections was about the same time rejected by the House of Lords, through the influence of the ministers, who had failed to strangle it in the Commons. This afforded the tories an opportunity of representing themselves as the friends and the whigs as the enemies of constitutional liberty, which they were too wise to neglect. During the debate in the Commons, Mr. Hutcheson, member for Hastings, used the following language, which seems to have suggested the king of Brobdingnag's queries to Swift. "But what in God's name can all this tend to? What other construction can any man in common sense put upon all these things, but that there seems to have been a grand design of violence and oppression, first to humble you, and make your necks pliable to the yoke, and then to finish the work by tempting the poverty and necessities of the people to sell themselves into the most abject and detestable slavery, for that very money which had been either unnecessarily raised, or mercilessly and unjustly plundered

zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry ?" He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, "what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in

and torn from their very bowels? And thus you may be in a fair way of being beaten by your own weapons. Nor can I imagine what inducement men have who run from borough to borough, and purchase their elections at such extravagant rates, unless it be from a strong expectation of being well paid for their votes, and of receiving ample recompense and reward for the secret service they have covenanted to perform here . . . . It were very much to be wished, that gentlemen of eatates and families in the country would heartily unite in this particular, of keeping the elections in the several counties among themselves; that they would resolve inviolably to support each other's interests against the encroachments and corrupt applications of strangers, let them come from what quarter they will. If this were done, it would in a great measure put an end to those dangerous and infamous practices that are now on foot, and we might hope once more to see this House filled with gentlemen of free and independent fortunes such as would be above making their court any where at the expense of their country, and would despise all manner of slavish concessions to men in power."

causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting, and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading, or delivering their opinions? And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?"[1]

[1] In the session of 1720, Sir William Thompson, solicitor-general, charged Mr. Lechmere, attorney-general, with breach of his oath, trust, and duty, as a privy councillor, saying that he acted as counsel, and received sums of money for his advice in matters to him referred by the privy council as attorney-general. The charge was investigated by a committee of the whole House; it appeared that Mr. Lechmere had taken nothing but his usual fees as chamber counsellor, and the accusation was declared by the House to be false, scandalous, and malicious. The lawyers of Swift's day were for the most part whigs, and strongly attached to the Protestant succession; they were on this account particularly odious to the Jacobites, and when individual satire failed, bitter attacks were made on the entire legal profession. It must, however, be added, that the whig lawyers were too ready to extend the dangerous principle of constructive treason, and far too ardent in their prosecutions for libel. Swift was particularly hostile to lawyers on account of the vexatious prosecutions undertaken against the printers and publishers of the Drapier's Letters, and he never omits an opportunity of venting his indignation.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, "he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a-year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations.[1] But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person." He asked me "who were our creditors; and where we found money to pay them?" He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; "that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings!" He asked "what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet?" Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk

[1] The National Debt was first incurred by the whig administrations in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, when the ordinary revenue was found inadequate to the expenses of the great wars against France. It was a favourite topic of declamation with their tory opponents, and was not the least efficacious in depriving the whigs of their popularity. In 1722, the tories proposed the following resolution in the Lords. "That the lessening the public debt annually by all proper methods is necessary to the restoring and securing the public credit." The previous question was carried; upon which, a spirited protest was entered on the Journals, and copies of it industriously circulated through the country.

of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said, "if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-a-dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?"[1]

He laughed at my "odd kind of arithmetic," as he was pleased to call it, "in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics." He said "he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged

[1] One of the most memorable debates in the reign of George I. was on the grant for maintaining a standing army of sixteen thousand men. Mr. Shippen and Mr. Jeffries resisted the proposal with great energy, and the former used such severity of language that he was committed to the Tower. The tories, both on this question and on the Debt, had a decided advantage in argument over their adversaries, especially as they could appeal to a parliamentary resolution in the reign of Charles II., which declared, "That the continuance of standing forces in this nation, other than the militia, is illegal, and a great grievance and vexation to the people." Mr. Shippen, in his speech, perplexed the whigs by referring to their own recorded principles. "It is," said he, "every year declared in the Act of Mutiny and Desertion, that the keeping up a standing army in time of peace, is against law; and as the freeing us from it was one of the ends of the Revolution, so, no doubt, the preserving us for ever from an attempt of the like nature, was one of those innumerable glorious advantages proposed by the Act of Succession.

to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials."[1]

He observed, "that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming; he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed: whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions; wholly take from them the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received,[2] to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others?"

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction,

[1] It is not easy to reconcile these intolerant sentiments with the opinions on toleration already noticed in the Voyage to Lilliput. There was at this time reason to fear that the Presbyterians would obtain the ascendency in the Irish parliament, and abolish episcopacy; hence probably arises Swift's bitterness against sectaries, which is very strongly manifested here, and in his celebrated Letter on the Sacramental Test.

[2] Receiving a loss, is certainly not a good expression; it should be, "the losses they have sustained."—*Sheridan.*

hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers, for their conduct or valour; judges, for their integrity; senators, for the love of their country; or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself," continued the king, "who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation,

and the answers I have with much pains wringed [1] and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

[1] Instead of "wringed," it should have been "wrung."—*Sheridan.*

CHAPTER VII.

The author's love of his country—He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected—The king's great ignorance in politics—The learning of that country very imperfect and confined—The laws and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Love of truth could alone have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given; but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian; I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advan-

tageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations; the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and farther to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage, which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up into the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead, with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground; sink down ships, with

a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked together by a chain would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection."

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of these terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I" (these were his expressions) "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines;

whereof" he said "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more."[1]

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning; endowed with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people.[2] Neither do I say this, with

[1] It is scarcely necessary to expose the fallacious reasoning of this passage; every body knows that wars have been far less sanguinary since the invention of gunpowder than they were before, and that every improvement in the arts of destruction has been followed by a saving of human life. Swift, however, knew that the glories of Marlborough's campaigns were the chief source of the popularity of the whigs, and as he could not deny the military merits of these victories, he hoped to weaken their influence by declaiming against wars in general.

[2] It was more than hinted by the tories, that the House of Brunswick intended to make use of the standing army to subvert British liberty. Mr. Shippen, in the speech to which allusion has been already made, said, "that the second paragraph of the king's speech seemed rather to be calculated for the meridian of Gremany than Great Britain; and that the king was a stranger to our language and constitution." It was for these expressions that he was committed to the Tower.

the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of the English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, "there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government," it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."[1]

The learning of this people is very defective; con-

[1] The tories were always anxious to identify themselves with the agricultural interest, to which Swift consequently loses no opportunity of paying a compliment.

sisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture and all mechanical arts; so that among us, it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law, is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long; it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I

had a mind to read, was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bedchamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature: how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts: how much he was excelled by

one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry." He added, "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times." He said, "it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages: which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of men in our days." He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that

may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen, after the manner of Venice, by ballot? I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise, in a great field, near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier mounted on a large steed might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject: the nobility often

contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather, in a general composition, and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them —The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related—He returns to England.

JUNCTURES of perilous circumstances, from which I had already escaped, inspired me with a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, "that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud." He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed; but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom, to persons of quality, for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human-kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind

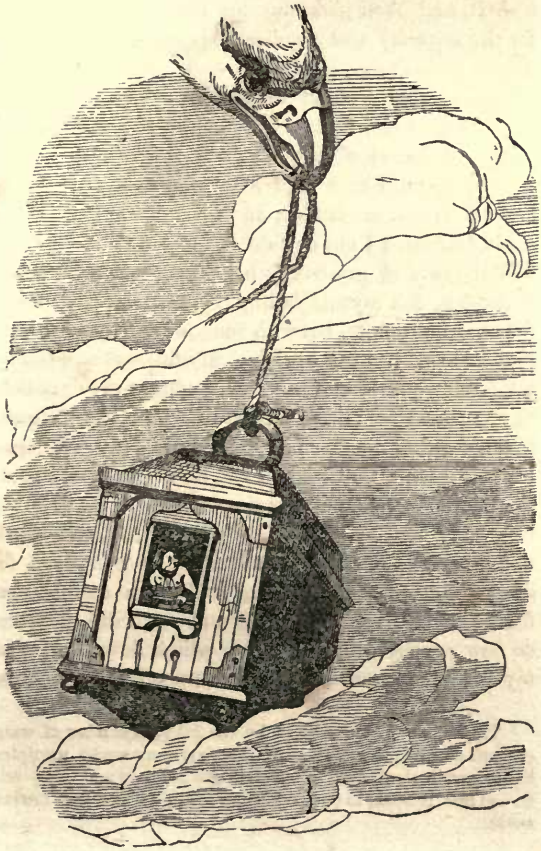
me. I wanted to be among people, with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in the country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen, in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual, in my travelling box, which, as I have already described was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure, with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued; I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my ape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be

worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page, whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awakened with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the convenience of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterward the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just

over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that



some eagle had got the cord of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it; for the sagacity and smell of this bird enable him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board. In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the cord of my box in his beak), and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness, that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara;[1] after which, I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced

[1] This cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vast lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-seven feet; and it is said to have been heard fifteen leagues.—*Hawkesworth.*

to let me drop, while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved ; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me ! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death ; nor could any thing have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet,

which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect, but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was for four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window; and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea: for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and, thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any

boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy, as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, "If there be anybody below, let them speak." I answered, "I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in." The voice replied, "I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out." I answered "that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the

sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin." Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head, that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost: a fine hammock, a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet; that my closet was hung on all sides, or

[1] There are several little incidents which show the author to have had a deep knowledge of human nature, and I think this is one. Although the principal advantages enumerated by Gulliver in the beginning of this chapter, of mingling again among his countrymen, depended on their being of the same size with himself, yet this is forgotten in his ardour to be delivered: and he is afterwards betrayed into the same absurdity, by his zeal to preserve his furniture.—*Hawkesworth.*

rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found), they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk outright. And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set

adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, "that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being

not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long boat, to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows and wire lattices that defended them. That he

discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said, they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity." I asked, "whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me?" To which he answered, "that discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size;" which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, "how far he reckoned we might be from land?" He said, "by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues." I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came, above two hours before I dropped into the sea." Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him, "I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company,

and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life." He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, "whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel, without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore, in the first port where we arrived?" He added, "that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper."

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England, to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of

the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp stings, like joiners' tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off, with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, "he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public." My an-

swer was, "that I thought we were overstocked with books of travels; that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein, I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; tha my story could contain little besides common events without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound." However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, "he wondered at one thing very much, which was to hear me speak so loud; asking me, whether the king and queen of that country were thick of hearing?" I told him, "it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the streets, to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand." I told him, "I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most contemptible little creatures I had ever beheld." For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparisons gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The cap-

tain said, "that while we were at supper he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain." I answered, "it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver threepence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nutshell;" and so I went on, describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For, although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested, "he would have gladly given a hundred pounds, to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea: which would certainly have been a most astonishing object worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages;" and the comparison of Phaëton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143 But meet-

ing a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight, but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.[1]

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began

[1] This exquisitely simple incident will probably remind the reader of Campbell's description of Commodore Byron:

> In horrid climes, where Chilöe's tempests sweep
> Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
> 'T was his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock;
> Scourged by the winds and cradled on the rock,
> To wake each joyless morn and search again
> The famished haunts of solitary men,
> Whose race unyielding as their native storm,
> Know not a trace of nature but the form;
> Yet at thy call the hardy tar pursued,
> Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
> Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
> The moon's pale planet and the northern star,

to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of tramp ling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to them to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of my servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife, "she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came

> Paused at each dreary cry unheard before,
> Hyenas in the wild and mermaids on the shore;
> Till led by Hope o'er many a cliff sublime,
> He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
> A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
> Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend.

to a right understanding; but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the Second Part of my unfortunate Voyages.

TALE OF A TUB,

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL

IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

DIU MULTUMQUE DESIDERATUM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE

BETWEEN THE

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS

In St. James's Library,

AND

A DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL

OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY JONATHAN SWIFT,

D. D., AND DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

WITH THE

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY W. WOTTON, D. D. AND OTHERS.

Basyma cacabassa eanaa, irraumista diaraba caĕota bafobor camelanthi.
IREN., lib. I. c. 18

—— Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora musæ.—LUCRET.

Ridentem dicere quid vetat?—HORACE.

NEW-YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN, 27 DEY STREET.
1853.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR THE

AUTHOR.

IF good and ill-nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this apology: for it is manifest, by the reception the following discourse hath met with, that those who approve it are a great majority among men of taste. Yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, besides many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember; except by the polite author of a late Discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live at least as long as our language and our taste, admits no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished above thirteen years since, 1696; which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could: I say, real ones; because under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous height some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new; the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repititions upon every subject. The abuses in religion

he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats and the three brothers; which was to make up the body of the discourse. Those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman, much in the world; and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself: therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid and the tasteless; which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which, from the grave, and the wise, may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty; and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those who have neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which he will forfeit his life if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner, since that is the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading? Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the Church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on. *Nondum tibi defuit hostis;* I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputation, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with

unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion; in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors, that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instances of what I have too frequently observed, that many of the Reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom, out of respect, he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books, written by some of those authors above described; whose errors, ignorance, dullness, and villany, he thinks he could have defected and exposed, in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be infected by them, would soon lay them aside, and be ashamed. But he has now given over those thoughts; since the *weightiest* men* in the *weightiest* stations are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a farther step, and pronounced another book† to have been the work of the same hand with this; which the author affirms to be a thorough mistake, he having yet never so much as read that discourse: A plain instance how little truth there is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from similitude of style, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in

---

* Alluding to Dr. Sharp, the Archbishop of York's representation of the Author.

† Letter of Enthusiasm, supposed to have been written by Colonel Hunter.—See Swift's Letter to him.

law or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains; especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science. But religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet, surely, the corruptions may; for we are taught, by the tritest maxim in the world, that religion, being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance; it is in the forty-seventh page. Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are here levelled at; who, having spent their lives in faction, and apostasies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden, tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and sufferings; thanks God, that he "possesses his soul in patience." In other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style: and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application. But this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn, by great force, to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests, he is entirely innocent, and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design; the abuses he notes being such as all Church of England-men agree in: nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines, mentioned in the introduction: In the original

manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that, I suppose, they thought was too particular; and therefore, they were forced to change it to the number three; from whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers; a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book; which the men of taste will observe, and distinguish, and which will render some objections, that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against this ensuing discourse; which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books, which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer; but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. Eachard wrote his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of those answers immediately started up, whose memory, if he had not kept alive, by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece

So we still read Marvel's Answer to Parker* with pleasure, tho' the book it answers be sunk long ago; so the Earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the Dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found.†

* Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatises against the Dissenters, with insolence and contempt, says Burnet, that enraged them beyond measure, for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvel, under secretary to Milton, in a little book, called the Rehearsal Transposed.

† Boyle's Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris.

But these are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider that to answer a book effectually, requires more pains or skill, more wit, learning and judgment, than were employed in the writing it; and the author assures those gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections And do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouth may be that discharge them? He hath seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person,* who, upon some occasions, hath discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasions should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons, obvious enough, for his miscarriage in this; he wrote against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others. The manner how he handled his subject I have now forgot; having just looked it over when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title.†

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective and half annotation,‡ in the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough

---

* Supposed to be Dr. William King, the Civilian, author of an Account of Denmark, a Dissertation on Samplers, and other pieces of burlesque on the Royal Society, and the Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, &c.

† This we cannot recover at present, it being so absolutely forgotten; the oldest booksellers in trade remember nothing of it.

‡ Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. From the annotations are selected the Notes, signed

And the project at that time was not amiss, to draw in readers to his pamphlet: several having appeared desirous that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part; because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unjustifiable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person. It was observed how he was pleased and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told, Sir W. T. was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms, through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt; by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew to be Porsena's case; *idem trecenti juravimus.* In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But his Lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist,* it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which party occasioned that Discourse of the Battle of the Books; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that for the greater part the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's

W. Wotton. Thus Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work which he laboured to condemn, and gave force to a satire pointed against himself, as captives were bound to the chariot wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

* Bentley concerning Phalaris and Æsop.

head, nor will, he is sure, into that of any reader of taste and candour. He allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design. What that was, I have already told; and I believe there is not a person in England, who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own. Surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity, at least, mixed with the design of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a very tender point, who insists upon it, that, through the whole book, he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticism, that would never have been one. He conceived it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances, to prove this author's wit is not his own, in many places. The first is, That the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham. Whatever wit is contained in these three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes: that of Jack not being quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to show the author's wit is not his own is, Peter's banter, (as he calls it, in his Alsatia phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same Duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse.

This the author confesses to have seen, about ten years after this book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself: for he allows the tale was written in 1697; and I think the pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory, as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without enquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find there is not the least resemblance between the two stories.

The third instance is in these words:—"I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, intitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not." In which passage there are two clauses observable:—"I have been assured," and, "if I misremember not."—I desire first to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a Plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and not for a passage, but a whole Discourse taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random—that, if there be a word of truth in this reflexion, he is a paltry, imitating pedant, and the answerer is a person of wit, manners and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such Treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued Discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it

in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is not his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world, in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, .et those, who thing it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the Tale of a Tub; wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of some service to the public, and has given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages. But it is the frequent error of those men, (otherwise very commendable for their labours,) to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby,* would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse. But *optat ephippia bos piger;* the dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horse; not considering he was born to labour, to plow the ground for the sake of superior beings; and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country To which can be only returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are at

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of school boys.

best too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time fixes in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserve it. A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over, with many alterations; and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious copy which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth; only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless; the author not being at all prepared. But he has been told, the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not. Had the publication been trusted to him, he should have made several corrections of passages against which nothing hath been ever objected. He should likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book, there is a discourse called, A Fragment; which he more wondered to see in print than all the rest; having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman who had designed a discourse of somewhat the same subject: he never thought of it after-

wards; and it was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended; for it was the groundwork of a much larger discourse, and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire in his book are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there are many remarkable instances in different parts of this work, and perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookseller, for the author's altering those passages which he thought might require it. But it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this Apology, without making this one reflection, That, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in White Friars, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants; by whom

it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But if this bantering, as they call it, be so despicable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch towards it themselves? To instance only in the answerer already mentioned; it is grievous to see him in some of his writings at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of "a cow that pricked up her tail;" and in his answer to this discourse, he says, "it is all a farce and a ladle;" with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude with those allowances above required this book should be read; after which the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark: which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement, either to the public or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen, to write some explanatory notes,* for the goodness of which he is not to answer; having never seen any of them, nor intends it, till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

* N. B. The notes enclosed thus [], were in the editions printed before the publication of this apology.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the writing of this, which was about a year ago; a prostitute bookseller hath published a foolish paper under the name of *Notes on the Tale of a Tub*, with some account of the author; and with an insolence, which, I suppose is punishable by law, hath presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand; which every reader of judgment will easily discover. The gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *Desiderata*. But if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforth be acknowledged the undisputed author.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMERS.

MY LORD,

THOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a Prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption, to inscribe these papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's protection of them. God, and your Lordship, know their faults and their merits: for as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book at all the worse upon that score. Your Lordship's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition. Neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract, to be applied to your Lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters, the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for ought I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to translate out of that language.) I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who Englished it thus,

"Let it be given to the worthiest." And his comment was that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean. He told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and at the same time he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis, towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess. Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now, your Lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for, I have somewhere heard, it is a maxim, That those, to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid, to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your Lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled upon every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves. Therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If by altering the title, I could make the same materials

serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done,) it would help to make up my loss: but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers; and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your Lordship.

I expected indeed to have heard of your Lordship's bravery, at the head of an army: of your undaunted courage, in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in Algebra, Metaphysics, and the Oriental tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all the scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it: because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your friends, your* enemies have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your Lordship's virtues should be lost to after ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late† reign: and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither, in search of characters.

---

* In 1701 Lord Somers was impeached by the Commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reasons, delayed coming to a trial, and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him.

† King William, whose memory he defended in the House of Lords against some invidious reflections of the earl of Nottingham.

There is one point wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patron's liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though, perhaps, I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues,* and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient
and most faithful servant,
THE BOOKSELLER.

---

* Sir John Somers was Attorney-General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals, in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Evesham, in April 1697.

THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

It is now* six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written. For the author tells us, in his preface to the first Treatise, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction. However, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person since dead, and being never in possession of it after. So that whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, Why I published them no sooner? I forbore upon two accounts: First, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and, secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy,† which a certain great wit had now polished and refined; or, as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixotte, Boccalini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

---

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704.

† See the Apology.

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE POSTERITY.

Sir,—I here present your Highness with the fruits of a very few leisure-hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this; the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which and other reasons, it cannot chose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your Highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all Princes. For although your Highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than your's. But, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your Highness is committed, has resolved, as I am told, to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

Note.—The citation out of Irenœus in the title-page, which seems to be all gibberish, is a form of initiation used anciently by the Marcosian heretics.—W. Wotton.

It is the usual style of decried writers to appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a Prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be ashamed of.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your Highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your Highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know, by long experience, he has professed and still continues a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when your Highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs,) by asking your Highness, Where they are? and What is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the abyss of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? Who has annihilated them? Were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? Who administered them to the posteriors of ———? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your Highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe, which your governor affects to bear continually about him; he pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and teeth; consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. Oh hat your Highness would

one day resolve to disarm this usurping *Maitre du palais** of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de* page.†

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of. Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learned their mother-tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die; some he flays alive; others he tears limb from limb: great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your Highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your Highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess immortality to be a great and powerful goddess: but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your Highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers of any kind, seems to be an assertion so

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineaus*, (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments while the kingdom was administered by the *Mayor de palais*, till *Charles Martel*, the last mayor, put his master to death, and took his kingdom into his own hand.

† Out of guardianship.

bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion; yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and delude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your Highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and booksellers: but I enquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found: and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, devoid of all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs; and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your Highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your Highness that there is a large cloud near the horizon in the form of a bear, another in the zenith with the head of an ass, a third to the westward with claws like a dragon; and your Highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain they would be all changed in figure and position; new ones would arise; and all we could agree upon, would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question, What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between your Highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lanthorn. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into

the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your Highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant. However, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for ought I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller, if lawfully required, can still produce authentic copies; and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Dursey, a poet of a vast comprehension, an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. B—nt—y, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller.* He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your Highness, that with these eyes, I have beheld the person of William W--tt--n, B. D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor† (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit

* Bentley in his controversy with Lord Orrery upon the generousness of Phalaris's epistles, has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a MS.

† Sir William Temple.

so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume, with the just eulogies of my cotemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation. Their persons I shall describe particularly, and at length; their genius and understandings, in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present your Highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least, but your Highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.*

That your Highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

Sir,

December, 1697.

Your Highness's Most devoted, &c.

---

* There are innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France

THE

PREFACE.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems, the grandees of Church and State begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of Religion and Government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects, for taking off the force and edge of those formidable enquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time, as well as cost, to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution: it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee, some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer; that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub, by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologized. The whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all other schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the Leviathan from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger, is easily understood to be its old antitype the commonwealth. But how to analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long enquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved: and it was decreed, that, in order

to prevent these Leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, (which of itself is too apt to fluctuate,) they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise; which I hope will serve for an interim of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work, into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them.

The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is first a large pederastic school, with French and Italian masters: there is also the spelling school, a very spacious building; the school of looking-glasses; the school of swearing; the school of critics; the school of salivation; the school of hobby-horses; the school of poetry; the school of tops;* the school of spleen; the school of gaming; with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted a member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient person's hands, certifying him to be a wit

But to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise.

* This, I think, the author should have omitted, it being of the very same nature with the school of hobby-horses; if one may venture to censure one who is so severe a censurer of others, perhaps with too little distinction.

Not so my more successful brethren the moderns, who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke, to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient. This was* *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio.*† When I went through that necessary and noble course of study,‡ I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches; which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting; because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What d'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning; any of which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilated. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus; out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this Mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-garden; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde Park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me, to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver, in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene; yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding; because I cannot imagine why we should be at expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for our's: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit, calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom

---

[* Horace.]
† Something extraordinary new, and never hit upon before.
‡ Reading prefaces, &c.

of all the sublime throughout this treatise, I hold it fit to lay down this general maxim. Whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all moderns, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down, as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus;

"For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c."

Another:

"The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c."

Another:

"When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, it is in vain to enter the lists, &c."

Another:

"To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c."

Another:

"Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public: for who, upon a less consideration, would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers? &c."

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation; having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

"A mountebank in Leicester-fields had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out,—Lord, what a filthy crowd is here! Pray, good people give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together! Z——ds, what squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow."—At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer.—"A plague confound you (said he) for an overgrown sloven; and who (in the devil's name,) I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, (with a pox,) that you take up more room with that carcass than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, (and be d——n'd;) and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer; the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt, particularly, that, where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath; and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary, either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising

myself upon some occasions or none, I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority: For it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pension paid by the world: but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee simple; since which time the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own eulogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title; which is commonly in these or the like words, I speak without vanity: which, I think, plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline: First, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers: for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the preëminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjec

tured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound. May it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dullness or that of their party be no discouragement for the authors to proceed: but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those, whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind: but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural. For, the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted: for, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions: so all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of

the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all pork,* with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But, though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words, from the rest, who have no share in the blessing. But satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth,† it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyberbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes. But on the other side, the least reflecting word, let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas, in England, it is just the reverse of all this. Here you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doeth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with *Astræa*;" with any other common places equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*.‡ And when you have done, the whole audience, far from

---

reb.] [† *Vid. Xenoph.*] [‡ *Hor.* Spleen.]

being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-garden against foppery and fornication, and something else! against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns of court chapel; and in a city pulpit be as fierce as you please, against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. It is but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest; how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts, but for wenches and play; how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate; how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, (*) loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench; or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose: whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum;* to have challenges sent to him; to be sued for defamation, and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire! On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been for some years preparing materials towards a panegyric upon the world; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but, finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion

* Juno and Venus are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time; but I cannot fix the person intended here.

Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design, by a certain domestic misfortune: in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule, ought to be large, in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch; and, having duly prepared his mind by a Preliminary Discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

Treatises wrote by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the Present set of *Wits* in this Island

A Panegyrical Essay upon the number THREE.

A Dissertation upon the Principal Productions of *Grub-street.*

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An Analytical Discourse upon Zeal, *Histori-theo-physiologically* considered.

A General History of *Ears.*

A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of *Absurdities.*

A Voyage into *England* by a Person of Quality in *Terra Australis Incognita*, translated from the original.

A Critical Essay upon the Art of *Canting*, philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

A

TALE OF A TUB.

SECTION I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, That over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of numbers, as of hell.

Evadere ad auras
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages has been, by erecting certain edifices in the air. But, whatever practice and reputation these kinds of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket, to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have often been out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors, being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines, for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage-itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth,

* But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

by reason of its level or inferior situation, exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a proper eminence, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjunct subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution; and both to answer the etymology of the name, which, in the Phœnician tongue, is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, The place of sleep; but in common acceptation, A seat, well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*: Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long talked, whilst others slept; so now they may sleep as long, whilst others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to such a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, (and will be published next term,) a Panegyrical Essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now the first of these oratorical machines, in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts. But I esteem only that made of timber, from the *Sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons, to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover; (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly where it is rightfully used:) by

which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing. It is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world, in the early publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence; and whereof I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates: A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand!

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant,* erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.*† It is the greatest seminary of the two former: and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that, for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore (according to the system of Epicurus‡) continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

> Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
> Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.§
> *Lucr. lib.* 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a com-

---

* That is, the mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to be the gallows or a conventicle.

† In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.

‡ Lucret. lib. 2.

§ 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body ever found.

mon observation, That, in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself hath instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, (whether it be lead or gold,) may fall plumb into the jaws of certain critics (as I think they are called) which stand ready open to devour them. Then the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region; and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombast and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all; and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny-gallery; and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles, or machines, contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations: because it is the quality of rotten wood, to give light in the dark: and, secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles,* having respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots, and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or wormeaten.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of faction, and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame;* because * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *Hiatus in*

* * * * * * * * * *MS.*

* * * * * * * Of poetry; because its orators do perorate with a song; and because climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage-itinerant, are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man, such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like: by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub-street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior up-start societies, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them, whom I mean. Nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham,† and of Will's,‡ to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness, as well as

---

* Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading; or when he has no mind to enter on the subject: or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuse his reader, (whereof he is frequently very fond;) or, lastly, with some satirical intention.

† Gresham College was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to Crane court in Fleet-Street.

‡ Will's Coffe-house was formerly the place where the poets usually met; which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgot, and want this explanation.

of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings, not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, (to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point,) that they both are seminaries, not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with license from our president, I humbly offer two answers. First, We say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair,* including an impossibility in the practice: for where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second? Secondly, We are ready to accept the challenge; but this with condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it shall be left to decide, which society, each book, treatise or pamphlet, does most properly belong to: This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present. For we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but, by the revolted and new fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half-ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorized to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all; desiring much rather that things be amicably composed. And we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies,† they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received, next to the

[* Viz. about moving the earth.]
[† Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.]

transitory state of all sublunary things, hath been, a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things. Whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out. It is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best. It is sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg. But, then, lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the *Grubœan* sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which, having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctance, because, it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society, which, besides their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have, darkly and deeply couched under them, the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members. He began with the history of Reynard the Fox*; but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt: which is very much to be lamented; because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now unversally received.

* The author seems here to be mistaken: for I have seen a Latin edition of Reynard the Fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original. For the rest, it has been thought by many people to contain some satirical design in it.

Nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state-*arcana*. But the progress I have made, is much greater; having already finished my annotations upon several dozens: from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of Tom Thumb, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is Dr. Faustus, penned by *Artephius*, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He published it in the nine hundred eighty-fourth year of his age.* This writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in *via humida*. And the marriage between Faustus and Helen, does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious *Rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi;* containing a defence of the *Gemara*† of the *Jerusalem Misna*, and its just preference to that of Babylon; contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther: This is the master piece of a famous writer now living,‡ intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmine.

Tommy Potts: Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The wise men of Gotham, *cum Appendice:* This is a treatise of immense erudition; being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and the ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever hath been written since upon that dispute, to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise hath been lately published, by a worthy member of our society.§

---

* The chemists say of him in their books that he prolonged his life a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.

† The *Gemara* is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbies: and the *Misna* is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.

[‡ Viz. In the year 1698.]

§ This I suppose to be understood of Mr. W—tt—n's Discourse of Ancient and Modern Learning.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea as well as a taste of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life.* This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popish plots, and Meal-tubs,† and exclusion-bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes; and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend; from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places, by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons; who (as it afterwards appeared) were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no further occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life, with a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards men.

But to return: I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion, grown, as it is manifast, out of envy and ignorance. That they are of little farther use or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered that the chief title prefixed to it, (I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town,) is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of

* Here the author seems to personate L'Estrange, Dryden, and some others; who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings.

† In King Charles II.'s time, there was an account of a Presbyterian plot found in a tub, which then made much noise.

titles;* having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed, it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with a variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of god-fathers;† which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but it seems, there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

SECTION II.

Once upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife,‡ and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

"Sons, Because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have providid each of you (here they are) a new coat.§ Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues con-

---

[* The title page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles which the author here speaks of.]

† See Virgil translated, &c.

‡ By these three sons, Peter, Martin and Jack; Popery, and the Church of England, and our protestant Dissenters, are designed.—W. Wotton.

§ By his coats which he gave his sons, the garments of the Israelites.—W. Wotton.

An error, with submission, of the learned commentator: for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of Christianity, by the wisdom of the divine Founder fitted to all times, places, and circumstances.—Lambin.

tained in them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will* (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house, like brethren and friends; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went, altogether, to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess *d'Argent*, *Madame de Grands Titres*, and the Countess *d'Orgueil*.† On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception, and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They wrote, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fidlers down stairs, ate at Locket's, loitered at Wills'; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with

* The New Testament.

† Their mistresses are, the Duchess *d'Argent*, *Mademoiselle de Grands Titres*, and the Countess *d'Orgueil*, i. e. covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruption of Christianity.—W. Wotton.

lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billetdoux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house, and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are incompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount; and by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town. But all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened, a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion.* They worshipped a sort of idol,† who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men, by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar, erected about three feet. He was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is, that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating: to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulph insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium;* before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad, for being the delight and favorite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus.‡ Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and the needle; whether

* This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.

† By this idol is meant a tailor.

‡ The Egyptians worshipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore.

as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamental. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests every thing: That the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat, faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman nature hath been, to trim up the vegetable beaux: observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself, but a micro coat;* or rather a complete suit of clothes, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no dispute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order, towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes, worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable properties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament —, coffee —, play —, bawdy houses? It is true indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor: if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so, an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin, we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main

* Alluding to the word microcosm, or a little world, as man hath been called by philosophers.

system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it, and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and the celestial suit; which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by scripture; because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcass. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner. Embroidery was sheer wit; gold fringe was agreeable conversation; gold lace was repartee: a huge long periwig was humour; and a coat full of powder was very good raillery. All which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity; which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems, either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader, to peruse, with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, (whom we have named already,) were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of an hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed. Not to add to, or diminish from their coats, one thread, with-

out a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but, at the same time, very plain, and with little or no ornament.* And it happened, that, before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up :† straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the quota of shoulder-knots. "That fellow (cries one) has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot?" Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-house, the door-keeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, I am first sculler; if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, Friend, we sell no ale; if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with Pray send up your message. In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will; read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? What temper should they find? Obedience was absolutely necessary; and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. "It is true (said he) there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*,‡ making mention of shoulder-

* The first part of the Tale is the history of Peter; thereby Popery is exposed: every body knows the Papists have made great additions to Christianity; that indeed is the great exception which the church of England makes against them; accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat.—W. Wotton.

His description of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import: "The coats their father had left them, were of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sewn, you would swear they had been all of a piece: but, at the same time, very plain, with little or no ornament." This is the distinguishing character of the Christian religion. *Christiana religio absoluta et simplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a heathen.—W. Wotton.

† By this is understood the first introducing of a pageantry, and unnecessary ornaments in the church, such as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a shoulder-knot, in which there is neither symmetry nor use.

‡ When the Papists cannot find any thing which they want in scripture, they go to oral tradition. Thus Peter is introduced satisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word which he has occasion for, in the will; when neither the constituent syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there *in terminis*.—W. Wotton.

knots; but I dare conjecture we may find them inclusive, or *totidem syllabis.*" This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine the will. But their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, "Brothers, there is yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis,* nor *totidem syllabis,* I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo,* or *totidem literis.*" This discovery was also highly commended: upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S,H,O,U,L,-D,E,R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguishing brother, (for whom we shall hereafter find a name,) now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuscripts. "It is true (said he) the word *Calendæ* hath in *Q. V. C.** † been sometimes wrote with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it is ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a gross mistake in our language, to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C." Upon this, all farther difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno;* and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But as human happiness is of very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time; and we must now imagine them in their decline: for a certain lord came just from Paris with fifty yards of gold-lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that month. In two days, all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold-lace.‡ Whoever durst peep abroad without his compliment of gold-lace, was as scandalous as a——, and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had sufficiently strained a point already, in the affair of shoulder-knots. Upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium.* That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this

[* *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus.*]

† Some ancient manuscripts.

‡ I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

of gold-lace seemed too considerable an alteration, without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere,* and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis Dialectica;* and especially that wonderful piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself, like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. "Brothers, (said he) you are to be informed, that of wills, *duosunt genera,* nuncupatory and scriptory. That in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, *conceditur;* but *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur.* For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get gold-lace on their coats, as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it." "By G— that is very true," cries the other; "I remember it perfectly well," said the third. And so, without more ado, they got the largest gold-lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up all in fashion, a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin* for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen. "Ain't please your Worships, (said he,) My Lord C— and Sir J. W.† had linings out of this very piece last night. It takes wonderfully; and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept; the lining being

* This is purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to show how scripture was perverted to prove it; which was done, by giving equal authority, with the canon, to Apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed.

It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brother's dresses, refers to some particular error in the church of Rome; though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of flame-coloured satin is manifestly intended purgatory; by gold-lace may perhaps be understood the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches. The shoulder-knots and silver fringe are not so obvious, at least to me. But the Indian figures of men, women and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

† This shows the time the author writ; it being about fourteen years since those two persons were reckoned the fine gentlemen of the town.

held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search they could fix up nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father's in the will, to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep.* This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; and being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal, says he that was the scholar, "I remember to have read in wills, of a codicil annexed; which is indeed a part of the will; and what it contains, hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us; and I cannot reckon it to be complete, for want of such a codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously. I have had it by me some time. It was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's;† and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin." The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter, a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver-fringe;‡ and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which, the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: "Item, I charge and command my said three sons, to wear no sort of silver-fringe upon or about their said coats, &c." with a penalty in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found, in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which in the will is called fringe, does also signify a broom-stick,§ and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This, another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver; which could not, be humbly conceived, in propriety of speech,

* That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts.

† I believe this refers to that part of the Apocrypha where mention is made of Tobit and his dog.

‡ This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

§ The next subject of our author's wit is the glosses and interpretations of scripture, very many absurd ones of which are allowed in the most authentic books of the church of Rome.—W. Wotton.

be reasonably applied to a broom-stick. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broom-stick on their coats; a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which, he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery; which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation, for wearing their full proportion of silver-fringe.

A while after, was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery, with Indian figures of men, women and children.* Here they had no occasion to examine the will. They remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the fashion than any body else in the town. But they solved the matter, by saying, that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in that sense as forbidden by their father, but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously, to lock up their father's will in a strong box,† brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgot which; and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit.

---

* The images of saints, the blessed virgin, and our Saviour, an infant. Ibid. Images in the church of Rome give him but too fair a handle, The brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct.—W. Wotton.

† The Papists formerly forbade the people the use of the scripture in a vulgar tongue; Peter therefore locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy. Those countries are named, because the New Testament is written in Greek; and the vulgar Latin, which is the authentic edition of the Bible in the church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy.—W. Wotton.

In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver. Upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra*,* that points were absolutely *jure paterno* as they might very well remember. It is true indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical; and therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behind-hand with the world, he obtained the favour from a certain lord,† to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the lord died; and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs. Upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.‡

SECTION. III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

THOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of

* The Popes, in their decretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the church of Rome, that are not mentioned in scripture, and were unknown to the primitive church. Peter accordingly pronounces *ex cathedra*. That points tagged with silver were absolutely *jure paterno;* and so they wore them in great numbers.—W. Wotton.

† This was Constantine the Great, from whom the Popes pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

‡ Ibid. The bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at first by the favour of the emperors, whom at last they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from Constantine the Great, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, "having run something behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord, &c."—W. Wotton.

writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error; from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and considering the ancient and present state thereof very briefly.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For, first, by this term were understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world; by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, from his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning; who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise, and acquit; and that of a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic, have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of these two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose originial is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero

born, decending in a direct line from a celestial stem, by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder, who begat B—tley, and Rym-r, and W-tton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, That those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves; as Hercules most generously did; and hath, upon that score, procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient latitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation was performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true, ancient, genuine critic; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads, and rake them together like Augeas's dung; or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge; like those Stimphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic; that he is a discoverer and a collector of writer's faults. Which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor

of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own; by which means, the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and office of a true critic agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns; whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things, delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens;* and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made, of art or of nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age: which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire or

[* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.]

panegyric upon the critics, in imitation of their masters, the moderns. Now in the common places of both these,* I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, for urging the silence of authors, against the antiquity of the true critic; though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which I am very confident will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph; varying only the story, according to their affections or their wit. For, first, Pausanius is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owning to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says,† "They were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescences of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: "That the Nauplians in Argia learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it throve the better, and bore fairer fruit." But Herodotus,‡ holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost in *terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; tells us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that "in the western part of Lybia there were ASSES with HORNS." Upon which relation Ctesias§ yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, "That

---

[* Satire and panegyric upon critics.] [† *Lib.*—] [‡ *Lib.* 4.]
[§ *Vide excerpta ex eo apud* Photium.]

whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten because of its extreme bitterness."

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible, as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound: for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place,* how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror, by the braying of an ASS." From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that, in process of time, those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical. So, Diodorus,† speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say, that "in the mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it." Lucretius gives exactly the same relation:

> Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
> Floris odore hominem retro consueta necare.‡ *lib.* 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder. He had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengence against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he hath set down these remarkable words. "Amongst the rest, (says he,) there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit (to which it is much addicted) happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues. These serpents are generally found among the mountains

---

[* *Lib.* 4.] [† *Lib.*]

‡ Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grows trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill.

where jewels grow; and they frequently emit a poisonous juice; whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils."

There was also among the ancients a sort of critic, not distinguished in specie from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyro's or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these yonger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play; whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Flushed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic hath one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us, is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided like Themistocles and his company: one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both; that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a size. Much may be said in answer to these invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood; for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a

true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps, for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of critics, that "their writings are the mirrors of learning."* This I understand in a literal sense; and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the book of critics, and correct his invention there as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *five Mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic; and, consequently, must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For brass is an emblem of duration; and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflections from its own superficies, without any assistance of Mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic rom a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, That criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers; to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person in the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, A true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon

[* A quotation, after the manner of a great author.—*Vide* Bentley's Dissertation, &c.]

what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already begun.

SECTION IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For, no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his port, his dress, and his mien, being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him Brother, but *Mr. Peter:* and then he must be styled *Father Peter:* and sometimes, *My Lord Peter.* To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso; wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord Peter's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them; without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve

that justice,) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept those humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers the eastern missionaries, that I have purely for their sakes made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent,* lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita.* This track of land he bought at a very great penny-worth from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there;) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for the worms† especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights.‡ As soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions, diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office,§ for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colic; as likewise of all eves-droppers physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen-out, repeating poets, lovers, happy, or in despair, bawds, privy-

* That is, purgatory.

† Penance and absolution are played upon, under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the worms, especally in the spleen; which, by observing Peter's prescription, would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain, &c.—W. Wotton.

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as easy as the sinner pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

§ By his whispering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession, and the priest who takes it is described by the ass's head.—W. Wotton.

counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; which he was to apply close for a certain space, and, by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, an office of insurance,* for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, shadows, ——————— and rivers; that these, nor of any these, shall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows;† the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge father upon this particular.

But another discovery for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle.‡ For, having remarked how your common pickle,§ in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kind of vegetables; Peter, with great cost, as well as art, had contrived a pickle, proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this pickle, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but for its many sovereign virtues was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlin-pimp,‖ after

---

* This I take to be the office of Indulgences; the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the Reformation.

† I believe are the monkeries and the ridiculous processions, &c. among the Papists.

‡ Holy water he calls, an universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber.—W. Wotton.

§ This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

‖ And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickles, by the powder of pimperlin-pimp, receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell, from the common pickles, which preserves beef, and butter, and herrings.—W. Wotton.

which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *spargefaction*,* in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scalded heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of bulls,† whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece: though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchos are recorded to have brazen feet. But whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an alloy from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world: whatever was the cause, it is certain that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers,‡ However, they had two peculiar marks which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, besides that in Horace,

> Varias inducere plumas; *and*
> Atrum desinit in piscem.

---

* Sprinkling.

† The Papal bulls are ridiculed by name; so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning.—W. Wotton.

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the Pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes; all signed with lead, and the seal of the fisherman; and are therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes' tails.

‡ These are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.

For these had fishes' tails; yet, upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a roaring, to frighten naughty boys,* and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it; an *appetitus sensibilis*, deriving itself through the whole family, from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece; they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits; who, to this very day, usually call spirits and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money: which, when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form.†

To all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jailers, Constables, Bailiffs, Hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death; we will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c.; for which this shall be your sufficient war-

---

* That is, kings who incur his displeasure.

† This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *Servus Servorum*.

Ibid. Absolution in *articulo mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apostolicæ* are jested upon in Emperor Peter's letter.—W. Wotton.

rant. And if you fail hereof, G—d—mn you and your's to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble
Man's Man,
EMPEROR PETER."

The wretches trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *vere adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions; especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity's sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *inuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number: my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride) he would call himself God Almighty,* and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high crowned hats,† and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle,‡ and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand, in the way of salutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the Vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church. The church here is taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are assumed by the Pope in consequence what our Lord said to Peter, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Ibid. The Pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring.—W. Wotton.

educated spaniel, would present them with his foot;* and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick in the mouth; which hath ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by, without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade*† was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too;‡ and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets. A while after, he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals.‖ Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef, (said the sage magistrate,) is the king of meat: beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread, (says he,) dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. "Come, brothers, (said Peter,) fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton:§ or hold, now my hand is in, I'll help you." At which word,

---

* Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper escape reflection.—W. Wotton.

† This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of an horse, when you do not expect it.

‡ The celibacy of the Romish clergy is struck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers' wives out of doors.—W. Wotton.

‖ The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ.

§ Transubstantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the Popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too; which, in his way, (he calls,) palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton.—W. Wotton.

in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My lord, (said he,) I doubt with great submission, there may be some mistake." "What, (says Peter,) you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with." "None in the world, my lord; but unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago, to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart." "How, (said Peter,) appearing in great surprise, I do not comprehend this at all."—Upon which the younger interposing to set the business aright, "My lord, (said he,) my brother I suppose is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship hath promised us to dinner." "Pray, (said Peter,) take me along with you. Either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of. If you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another, though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder." "What then, my lord, (replied the first,) it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while." "Pray, Sir, (says Peter,) eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please; for I am not disposed to relish it at present." But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. "By G—, my lord, (said he,) I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread." Upon which the second put in his word: "I never saw a piece of mutton in my life, so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf." "Look ye, gentlemen, (cries Peter in a rage,) to convince you, what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument: By G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leaden-hall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this, left no further room for objection. The two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. "Why, truly, (said the first,) upon more mature consideration"—"Aye, says the other, (interrupting him,) now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason." "Very well, (said Peter.) Here boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. "That you shall,

(said Peter.) I am not a person to refuse you any thing that is reasonable. Wine moderately taken, is a cordial. Here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful; for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office, in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter, and each other, and finding how matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits; and to argue or expostulate further, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances; because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture,* which happened about the same time among these brethern, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive; and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself to be once in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and swearing not only to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour.† Another time he was telling of an old sign-post‡ that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough on it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese wagons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains: "Z—ds, (said Peter,) where's the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues."§ And

* By this rupture is meant the Reformation.

† The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's milk among the Papists, under the allegory of a cow, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches.—W. Wotton.

‡ By this sign-post is meant the cross of our blessed Saviour; and if all the wood that is shown for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm.

§ The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of Popery. The church of Rome intended by these things

that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, "By G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d—l broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him. But first they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera*;* by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got, should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink, to spirit and comfort their hearts.† In copying the will, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance: upon which their next work was, to discard their concubines, and send for their wives.‡ Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago; advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king.§ In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons

---

to gull silly superstitious people, and rook them of their money. The world had been too long in slavery, but our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought be exposed, and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it.—W. Wotton.

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy land to Italy.

* Translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues.

† Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.

‡ Allowed the marriages of priests.

§ Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money; but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.

at his heels;* and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors,† and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECTION V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

We whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O Universe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary.

——— Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et, inducit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained; till at last it smelt so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm, that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved in my said several readings, (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers, to be very importunate,) that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being *fastidiosity*, *amorphy*, and *oscitation;* whereas in the present uni-

* By Peter's dragoons, is meant the civil power, which those princes who were bigotted to the Romish superstition, employed against the Reformers.

† The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church.

versal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together with a layer of *utile*, and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town wits,* of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any ancients or no; in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. B—tley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern hath ever yet attempted an universal system in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazil.† The method he proposed, was by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it; not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

"You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil *in balneo Mariæ* infusing quintessence of popy q. s. together with three pints of *lethe*, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed, for one and twenty days; then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting (first shaking the vial) three drops of

* The learned person here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

† This is an imaginary island, of kin to that which is called the Painters' wives, island, placed in some unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map-maker.

this *elixir*, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, *medulla's, excerpta quædam's, storilega's*, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper."

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *arcanum* that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt; never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author, called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For, whereas we are assured, he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic;* it is manifest, he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For first of all, as eminent a *cabalist* as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either *Sendivogus, Behmen*, or *Anthroposophia theomagica*.† He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the church of England:‡ A defect indeed, for which both he and all the

---

[* *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est.* Xenoph. in conviv.]

† A treatise written about fifty years ago by a Welch gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, was Vaughan, as appears by the answer to it, written by the learned Dr. Henry Moore. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian that perhaps was ever published in any language.

‡ Mr. W—tt—n, (to whom our author never gives any quarter,) in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers, divinity, law, &c. among those parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients.

ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. W—tt—n, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatise of ancient and modern learning: a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great helps and liftings I had out of this incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, besides these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood. But I challenge any of his admirers, to show me in all his writings a complete account of the spleen. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salivation without mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention among a great many more, My new help of smatterers; or, The art of being deep-learned, and shallow-read; —A curious invention about mouse traps;—An universal rule of Reason: or, Every man his own carver; together with a must useful engine for catching of owls. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing; because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age

when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath. This hath saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric, "Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin." Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomenas, Apparatus's, To the Readers. This expedient was admirable at first. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so: however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should: for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers in our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the usual modern stint,) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number are known to proceed critics and wits, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort: and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty

of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and an universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECTION VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

We left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren: both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off: whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers, at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth, step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past; and could not tell, on the sudden, to what failure in

their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats: in the perusal whereof, the two brothers, at every period, duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things! horrible, downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time, by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN,* and the other took the appellation of JACK.† These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same. But when they come forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as writer of short memory; a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject; because memory, being an employment of the mind upon things past, as a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by a collision, from each other: upon which account, we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out, there was

* *Martin Luther.* † *John Calvin.*

hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen, but an infinite quantity of lace and ribbands, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; (I mean only those tagged with silver,* for the rest fell of.) Now this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laying the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and with a second pull, stript away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already very narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver, (as we have observed before,) the judicious workman had with much sagacity double sewn, to preserve them from falling. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and chidren; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded the wisest course was, to let it remain; resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a

* Points tagged with silver, are those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church; which have been therefore woven deepest in the body of Popery.

quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour, he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and from thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish, by the modern way of subscription; not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement, having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What, (said he,) a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton, and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that stripping down a parcel of gold-lace, a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat, from top to bottom, and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal beholding millions of stitches, that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel; and furiously thus continuing his career, "Ah, good brother Martin, (said he,) do as I do, for the love of God! strip, tear,

pull, rent, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible. I would not for an hundred pounds carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours, of suspecting I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, "begged his brother of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter's, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will; that he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought, as that of taking measures for good and evil, from no other rule than of opposition to him: that it was true the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them; and therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction."

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, (the true ultimate end of ethics;) but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as, in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the weight of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage. But that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places, which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery: so that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies: or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish, or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of exchange-women;* or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women; the same use was made of

into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags and lace, and rents and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely more glad to find that of Martin's in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's* arguments as he could muster up for, bringing Martin to reason, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction! To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report, by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald;† sometimes, Jack with a lanthorn;‡ sometimes, Dutch Jack;§ sometimes French Hugh;‖ sometimes Tom the Beggar;¶ and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the North.** And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of *Æolists*, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose

---

a building called the New Exchange in the strand; this edifice has been pulled down, the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no remains of Exchange-women but in Exeter-change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion.

* The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off their's, that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision.

† That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.

‡ All those who pretend to inward light.

§ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists.

‖ The Hugonots.

¶ The *Guiuses*, by which name some protestants in Flanders were called.

** John Knox, the reformer of Scotland.

original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account;

————————Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.

SECTION VII.

A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-shell; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements of knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in *soups* and *olio's*, *fricassees* and *ragouts*.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations. And as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution; and to see a man hunting through an *olio*, after the head and brains of a goose, a wigeon or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own; and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared, and fed, and

clothed by invention; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subject, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they send to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, became barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and the politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order; so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all

its forms; the numbers of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For an answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which of all others hath borne the most, and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated, or compiled into system for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has in some sort been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pygmies; whose stature did not exceed two feet; *sed quorum pudenda erassa, et, ad talos usque pertingentia.** Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this vein hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, who had a custom, and an instrument to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk:† yet I am under an apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last

[* *Ctesiæ fragm, apud Photium.*] [† *Herodot. l.* 4.]

recourse must be had to large indexes, and little compendiums? Quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics and commentators and lexicons, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers and *observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the *sieves* and *boulters* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they deal in pearls or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full? And if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean, for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title, fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature? for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the field: A happiness derived to us with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, That in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.*

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove into any other corner he pleases.

[* *Herodot. l.* 4.]

And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

SECTION VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned Æolists* maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out.

Quid procul a nobis selectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi;* that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world. For examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For, whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus, animus, afflatus, or anima;* what are all these but several appellations for wind? which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itself, but as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidius*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight, That since wind had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *anima's* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity, as well as

---

* All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.

ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *Cabalist, Bumbastus*,* of placing the body of man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, That man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up, to its perfection, ought not to be covetuously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise *Æolists* affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them in vast numbers, with their mouths gaping wide against a storm.† At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech did usually call their bodies their vessels. When, by these, and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle: Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety.

But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or propor-

---

* This is one of the names of *Paracelsus*. He was called *Christophorus, Theophrastus, Paracelsus, Bumbastus*.

† This is meant of those seditious preachers who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.

tion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth; having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world; distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of relievo. At which junctures, all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And to render these yet more complete; because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods, were the four winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria*,* was the almighty North; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in Greece had likewise in the highest reverence: *Omnium decorum Boream maxime celebrant.*† This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder *Æolists* to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called *κοῖλα*, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter; yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination the most refined *Æolists* have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration; fetching it with their own hands from the fountain head, in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations; who did, and do, and ever will daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosos of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, though, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by *Pancirollus.*‡ It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominat-

---

* *Latria* is that worship which is paid to the Supreme Being.

† *Pausan l.* 8.

‡ An author who writ *de Artibus Perditis, &c.* of arts lost, and of arts invented.

ed; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great number of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top. Into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which always admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance, which issuing *ex adytis* and *penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the sea; first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam.* It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world; because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluvia of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal, into a spiritual ecstasy. And to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted that this custom of female† priests is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the Sibyls.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally sallies

* This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.

† Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.

out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the same course and wing he falls down plump into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the east into the west, or like a strait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity, under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-short, and spent and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true, that, as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough: for it is with men whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it hath been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the camelion,* sworn foe to inspiration, who, in scorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Moulivanet*, who with four strong arms waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster mentioned in the following lines, called Moulinavent, which is the French word for a windmill.

Thus furnished and set out with gods as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists; which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are beyond all doubt a most authentic branch: of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECTION IX.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

Nor shall it any wise detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and called by the name of madness or phrenzy. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions; we

shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons. And it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once gone up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air: the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes, will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when is it overcast and disturbed; so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies; yet the crop they produce, differs both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince* raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations towards what point the storm would burst, the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy: others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the Pope, and setting up the Reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia, to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state surgeon,† gathering the nature of the

* This was Henry the Great, of France.

† Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great, in his coach.

disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour. Nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze! what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine. It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and. before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poets never failing receipt of *corpora quæque* for,

> Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore;
> Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestique coire. *Lucr.*

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and inflamed, became a dust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain. The very same principle, that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories;

> ——Cunnus teterrimi belli
> ——Causa.

The other instance is, what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king,* who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this *phænomenon.* At last the vapour or spirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis,*† and gathering there into

* This is meant of the French King, Louis XIV.

† Paracelsus, who was so famous for chemistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make perfume of it; which when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or western civet, the back parts of man (according to its division mentioned by the author, p. 95) being the West.

a tumor, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fistula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems with such an eager zeal in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known; from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples; because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing, for the most part, in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the academy of Modern Bedlam; (whose merits and principles I shall further examine in due place.) Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast and separate from their followers would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that one time or other, a certain *fortuitous* concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by a certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see before he died, the sentiment of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapt and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my *phænomenon* of vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and their distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any

other name besides that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And I think the reason is easy to be assigned: for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same meaning. This if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter: for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height; instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen, who, it seems, in those days, were as arrant rascals as they are now, has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.** For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *inuendo.*

This indeed was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. W—tt—n, a person, in appearance ordained for great designs, as well as performances, whether you will consider his notions or his looks. Surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh! had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, Whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of en-

[* *Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio.*]

thusiasm, from whence in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current.

Of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former postulatum being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes, and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur Des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in: it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost propensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *Hic Multa*
* * * * * * * * *desiderantur.*
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * (*.) And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that, if the moderns mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, in philosophy, and in religion. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions: and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined

* Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered.

to form parties after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors, the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition. That it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And, first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth: and the reason is just at our elbow; because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past, and things conceived. And so the question is only this: Whether things that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory? Which may be justly held in the affirmative: and very much to the advantage of the former; since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! How shrunk is every thing as it appears in the glass of nature! So that, if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish, and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities: An employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking; which I think has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the playhouse.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch. These never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously, with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now, I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that, in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognisance, the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in. Whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stript in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen. But I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk. From all which I justly formed this conclusion to myself. That whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, (like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic.) And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruit of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness: It is certain, that, according to

the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapour; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit, to the brain. Now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principle branches of madness; and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their causes; over hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address, is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the seasons of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, chosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulph, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprise; but unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles, with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public. But this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour, long misapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis*;* or, (to translate it as nearly as I can,) a sort of phrensy, never in its right element till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight though not equally curious, I do here glady embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking, to Sir E———d S———r, Sir C———r M———ve, Sir J———n B———ls, J———n H———w, Esq.; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill, for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with the utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state,† * * * * * *

[* Tacit.] †Ecclesiastical.

civil and military; proceeding in such method as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of that high esteem I have ever borne that honourable society, whereof I had sometime the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his pisspot in the spectators' faces? Let the right worshipful the Commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here mislaid! Let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and three-pence* in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-hall.

You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses *ecce cornuta*† *erat ejus facies.* He walks duly in one pace; entreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checquered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great saver of time; somewhat thick of hearing; very short of sight, but more of memory; a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing; a huge idolator of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to every body, that he never keeps it; one that has forgotten the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound; extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, "Sir, (says he,) give me a penny, and I'll sing you a

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together come in an hackney-coach to Westminster-hall.

† *Cornutus* is either horned or shining; and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

song; but give me the penny first." (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application? Accost the hole of another kennel, first stopping your nose, you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet, is the reversion of his own ordure; which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet, upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing, to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hands to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber; and the orator of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a tailor, run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which, at present, I shall no farther enlarge.————Hark in your ear*———— I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation. But what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this enquiry, that all these would

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shown; and shall enforce by this one plain instance, That even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shook off: upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise, to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which, perhaps, the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECTION X.

A TALE OF A TUB.*

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors, and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgments to the world, for the general reception and applause they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received.† In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his Majesty, and both houses of Parliament; to the Lords of the King's Most Honorable Privy Council; to the Reverend the Judges; to the Clergy, and Gentry, and Yeomanry, of this land; but, in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham college, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guildhall; in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal

* This section has, in former editions, been entitled a Tale of a Tub, but the Tale not being continued till Section XI. and this being only a further digression, no appology can be thought necessary for making the title correspond with the contents.

† This is literally true, as we may observe in the prefaces to most plays, poems, &c.

acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extrême gratitude; and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded: "Why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain. And yet, by G—, he wrote it in a week, at fits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs;" as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: "He blesses his God, the thing takes wonderfully; he is just printing a second edition, and has but three left in his shop." You beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ;" and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; "and, pray, send as many of your acquaintances as you will, I shall upon your account furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, is it not well enough considered, to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning; but for these events, I say, and some others, too long to recite, (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly,) I doubt, the number of authors, and of writings, would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher. "It is certain (said he) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of human nature; only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top."

There is in this famous island of Britain, a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called second parts, and usually passes under the name of The author of the first. I easily foresee, that as soon as

I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Bl——re, L——ge, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for justice and relief, into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles,* and lover of mankind, Dr. B—tley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration; and if it should so happen, that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of a second part, must for my sins be clapped by a mistake upon my back; that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast think fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are, to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat, may be given to the poor: and the dogs under the table may gnaw the bones.† This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomachs, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned; and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader (between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice) will find himself disposed to stare: which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps the perspiration. But the reader, truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his

* Alluding to the trite phrase, place the saddle on the right horse.

† By dogs the author means common injudicious critics, and he explains it himself before, in his Digression upon Critics.

speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years, in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we mysterious writers can seldom reach, till we have got into our graves; whether it is that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportions they are dark; and therefore the true illuminated* (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.†

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendos*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in an universal comment upon this wonderful discourse

* A sect of the Rosycrucians. These were fanatic alchymists, who, in search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end; it was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala. Warburton on the Rape of the Lock.

† Nothing is more frequent than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of Os multiplied by seven, and divided by nine.* Also, if a devout brother of the *Rosy Cross* will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth sections; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum.* Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of *bythus* and *sige*,† and be sure not to forget the qualities of *acamoth; a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, a risu lucida, a tristitia solida, et a timore mobilis;* wherein *Eugenius Philalethes*‡ hath committed an unpardonable mistake.§

SECTION XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject; and shall

* This is what the cabalists among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

† I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of *acamoth* and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquisitive, whether these barbarous words, *Basima ecabasa, &c.* are really in Irenæus; and upon inquiry it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author.

[‡ *Vid. Anima magica abscondita.*]

§ To the above mentioned treatise, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica,* there is another annexed, called *Anima Magica Abscondita,* written by the same author Vaughan, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes;* but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of *acamoth,* or its qualities: so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words *a cujus lacrymis, &c.* as we have said were transcribed from Irenæus; though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was, to set curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road.

henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet, upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing, it is as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there,) if his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straitest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty. But then, surely, we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best: he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight; when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean or convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can: but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, or nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves, and be d—n'd. He'll overtake them at the next town: at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a hundred noisy curs* run barking after him; of which if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge: but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps, by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, (nor is any ground lost by the blow,) which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to exact a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of concep-

* By these are meant what the author calls the true critics.

tions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types, who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act a part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen, (said he,) I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and clothes; to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life.* He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a fore toe; or when he had fits, burned two inches under his nose; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny: they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly on the phrase of his will:† and he circumscribed the

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture phrases on all occasions.

† The protestant dissenters use scripture phrases in their serious discourses and composures more than the church of England men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL.—W. Wotton.

utmost of his eloquence within that compass not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once at a strange house he was suddenly taken short, upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side; he chose rather as the more prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it.*

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to his meat;† nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian.‡

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon,§ and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home; but was wont to say, that a wise man was his own lanthorn.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets: and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall

---

* I cannot guess the author's meaning here; which I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance. Incurring the penalty in such cases, usually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himself clean because having consulted the will, (i. e. the New Testament,) he met with a passage near the bottom, i. e. in the eleventh verse of the last chapter of the Revelations. "He which is filthy let him be filthy still;" which seemed to forbid it, whether foisted in by the transcriber is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldest and most authentic copy of the New Testament.

† The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phrase to express eating cleanlily, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.

§ I cannot well find the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.

into the kennel, (as he seldom missed either to do one or both,) he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that "he submitted with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose. It was ordained, (said he,) some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should brave a rencounter; and therefore Providence thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us country-men, and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lanthorn among a pack of roaring bullies, when they scour the streets; exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because Providence either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity, to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes; which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes! ye blind guides! miserable guardians, are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction. But, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulph, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco,* who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noisome bog."

[* *Ved. Don Quixotte.*]

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others, Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel.* Then it was that those who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would of a sudden, with one hand out with his gear, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other bespatter them all with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer, lapped himself close and thick, to keep it out.†

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of Hangman-General;‡ and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard, than a long prayer.§

He had a tongue so musculous and subtil, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula; and would run dog mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bag-pipes.‖ But he would cure

---

* The villainies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

† They affect differences in habit and behaviour.

‡ They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

§ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek God, when they resolved to murder the King.

‖ This is to expose our dissenters aversion to instrumental music in churches.—W. Wotton.

himself again, by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours,* but mortally hated all; and upon that account bore a cruel aversion to painters; insomuch that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pocket loaden with stones, to pelt at the signs.

Having, from his manner of living, frequent occasions to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter; but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears. It was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.†

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervor of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street; and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps;" to another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse." "Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands?" "Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of your's, over these poor shoulders."‡ And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe this stroke, (said he, showing his bare shoulders,) a plaguy janissary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours, mind this broken head deserves a plaster. Had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far

* They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and deface the statues and paintings on all the churches of England.

† Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven, both in such a dirty nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.

‡ The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

as White-Chapel; and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear towards each other.* Peter had lately done some rogueries, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town, from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend: for the phrensy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same; but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien; insomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the King's prisoner;" or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends, to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am always glad to see thee; pray, send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding, how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment. The orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to

* The papists and fanatics, though they appear the most averse to each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as has been observed by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our dissenters and the papists in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called the fanaticism of the church of Rome, is ludicrously described for several pages together, by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meeting when they least intended it.—W. Wotton.

stich up the collar so close, that it was ready to choak him; and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but, at the same time, went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a Heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short sighted eyes: so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both. *

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *Desunt nonnulla.*
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, That "it is with men, as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears." Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons. For, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human ears. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how can it be otherwise, when, in these latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For if the only slitting of one ear in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers and our own have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more

among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior regions of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us, that "when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes a eunuch."* And the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already used the means, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect. Others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice; and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been cloven tongues; but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms, turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other. From which custom, the whole opinion of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of holding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard.† Upon which, some were glad to hide flourishing sprouts in a black border; others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my General History of Ears; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to

---

[* *Lib. de aere, locis, et aquis.*]

† This was King Charles II. who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery: and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several handles, whereof the six* senses afford one a-piece, besides a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp; curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, than an author should seize upon his readers; which, as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till wearinsss or dulness force him to let go his grip.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's bench; and of a reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain rainy night to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin;† how Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels; how a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city;

[* Including Scaligers.]

† In the reign of King James II. the presbyterians, by the King's invitation, joined with the papists against the church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The King, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both papists and presbyterians made use of. But upon the revolution, the papists being down of course, the presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue King James' Indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

how he got upon a great horse,* and ate custard.† But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths, for an accident past remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer; and therefore, by a courtly modern, lest of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

Going too long is a cause of abortion, as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit‡ who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a book that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the subject; and found it would never take, but after a long vacation; and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward, and said, "I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter, but not in verse, or a small treatise upon the—, it would run like wild fire. But if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write some-

* Sir Humphry Edwyn, a presbyterian, was some years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the insolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle with the ensigns of his office.

† Custard is a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast.

[‡ *Pere d' Orleans.*]

thing against Dr. B—tl—y, which I am sure will turn to account.*

At length we agreed upon this expedient, That when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in the vogue; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I had as lieve, he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of our courteous readers; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight, and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers, as with wells; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and that often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass however for wonderous deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wonderous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to write upon nothing: when the subject it utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has wrote out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud,

* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his connexion of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him it was a dry subject, and the printing could not safely be ventured, unless he could enliven it with a little humour.

if by all my labours I can have any ways contributed to the repose of mankind, in times so turbulent and unquiet as these.* Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a writ, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in Greece,† there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the authors' spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window, to critic his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lacqueys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case, to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occasion where I could be neither wise nor sound, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty-eight flowers and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of common places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret,) I must own gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is became a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since, by the liberty and encourage-

* This was wrote before the peace of Ryswick.

[† *Trezenii, Pausan, l.* 2.]

ment of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover, that the issues of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

END OF THE TALE OF A TUB.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN

BOOKS

IN

St. James' Library.

THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot, about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris, for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that Appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, now earl of Orrery; to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two Reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James' library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune, or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader, to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE

PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

Satire is a sort of a glass, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry. But of all things let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters; because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply: Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipt into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE,

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due circumspection into the annual records of Time, will find it remarked, that War is the child of Pride, and Pride the daughter of Riches.* The former of which assertions may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter. For pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty upon plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For to speak in the phrase of writers upon the politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, (which in its original seems to be an institution of the many,) that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy; or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize; upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of in-

[* Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clark, opt. edit.*]

vasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve, as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty, or want, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case,) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not easy to conjecture at: for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, (as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood) about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain embassadors to the Ancients, complaining of a great nuisance, how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the east; and therefore to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, Either that the Ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place; or else, that the said Ancients will give leave to the Moderns, to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made answer, How little they expected such a message as this, from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood: That as to their own seat, they were Aborigines of it; and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand: That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the Moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury, if it be any, were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them: That as to the leveling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself: That they would therefore advise the

Moderns, rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients; to the former of which they would not only give license, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns, with much indignation; who still insisted upon one of the two expedients. And so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war; maintained on the one party by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that ink is the great missile weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom, to suit in some degree, as well as to foment the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides; the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war;) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, which ever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, Disputes, Arguments, Rejoinders, Brief Considerations, Answers, Replies, Remarks, Reflections, Objections, Confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives,* for passengers to gaze at: from whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled, and preserved, the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other cemeteries, where some philosophers affirm, that

[* Their title-pages.]

a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves: so we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore, books of controversy, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors, to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this. When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master Aristotle, and there both concerted together, to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all polemics of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned, between the learned, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken; and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor: for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the Ancient and Modern books in the King's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great, to be informed in the particulars; I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library, a person of great valour

but chiefly renowned for his humanity,* had been a fierce champion for the Moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the Ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock: but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: A quality to which those of the Modern party are extremely subject; for being light-headed, they have in speculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients; which he resolved to gratify, by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the Ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of Moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the shoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And, lastly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and, therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters; and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Meanwhile, those books that were advocates for the Moderns, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the

* The Honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *pro solita humanitate sua*. Doctor Bentley was then library keeper, the two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop.

foot were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad; their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart. However, some few, by trading among the Ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary Ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of Moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove, by manifest reasons, that the priority was due to them, from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits towards the Moderns. But these denied the premises; and seemed very much to wonder, how the Ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went to that,) that the Moderns were much the more Ancient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. "It is true, (said they,) we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you. But the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses are of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotton wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and, in his pleasant way, swore, By G——, he believed them.

Now, the Moderns had not proceeded in their late negociation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive. Upon which several of the Moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the Ancients, was, of all the Moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt

[* According to the modern paradox.]

a certain spider, swoln up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and pallisadoes, all after the Modern way of fortification.

After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for sometime dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below; when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed, at first, that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he, at length, valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out; when, beholding the chasms, the ruins and the dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end. He stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eyes upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they know each other by sight,) "A plague split you (said he) for a giddy son of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could you not look before you, and be d——n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do, (in the devil's name,) but to mend and repair after your arse?" "Good words, (friend, said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll;) I will give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more: I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah, (replied the spider,) if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you

better manners." I pray have patience, (said the bee,) or you will spend your substance; and, for ought I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house." "Rogue! Rogue! (replied the spider;) yet methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters."—"By my troth, (said the bee,) the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself (said he) by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond, without house or home, without stock or inheritance; born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone pipe? Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvement in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad (answered the bee) to hear you grant at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice: for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the garden: but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you, and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say. In that building of your's, there might, for ought I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain, the materials are nought; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast. And though I would by no means lessen or

disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt, you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this, Whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, which, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all, but flybane and cobweb; or that, which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?"

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue. Which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and let the spider, like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated, by a strange effect of the Regent's humanity,* who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of Moderns. Where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the Regent mistook him for a Modern; by which means, he had time and opportunity to escape to the Ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest: to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that, in all his life, he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. "The disputants (said he) have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the Moderns and us. For pray, gentlemen, was ever any thing so modern as the spider, in his air,

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æsop, see note page 77.

his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this, the bee, as an advocate retained by us the Ancients, thinks fit to answer, That if one may judge of the great genius or invention of the Moderns, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails, (the guts of modern brains,) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being begotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For any thing else of genuine, that the Moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however, they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age As for us the Ancients, we are content with the bee to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice; that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature. The difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are, sweetness and light."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop; both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. The Moderns on their parts were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and* Despreaux. There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere,

* More commonly known by the name of Boileau.

never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into meteors, or, like the cannon-ball, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stink-pot flingers from the snowy mountains of Rætia. There came a vast body of dragoons of different nations, under the leading of Hervey,* their great Aga; part armed with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore, Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of calones,† a disorderly rout, led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without coats‡ to cover them.

The army of the Ancients were much fewer in number. Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies led by Vossius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled straight up to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below. (For, among the gods, she always tells truth.) Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the Milky Way. The senate assembled: he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impending between two mighty armies of Ancient and Modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made an excel-

* Dr. Hervey who discovered the circulation of the blood, a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted against as false by Sir William Temple in his essay.

† Calones, by calling this disorderly rout Calones, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption and every evil work: they are styled Calones because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers; as the Calones, whether belonging to the army or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever.

‡ These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

lent speech in their favour; which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the Ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver, double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter. These are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, Accidents, or Events; but the gods call them, Second Causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worse, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the Moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise, and Impudence, Dulness, and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive,

the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess, (said Momus,) can you sit idly here, while our devout worshippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps, now lying under the swords of their enemies? Who then hereafter will ever sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haste therefore to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage; and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy.

"It is I, (said she,) who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiser than their parents; by me beaux become politicians, and school-boys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over Poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart Ancients dare to oppose me?——But, come, my aged parents, and you my children dear, and thou my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I preceive by that grateful smell which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess and her train having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till, at length, she arrived at her beloved island of Britain. But, in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent garden! And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's Library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuosos*, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts and move in her breast. For, at the head of a troop of Modern bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son W—tt—n; to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread; W—tt—n, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot

by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children; and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about her to change her shape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass. Her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice or decoction of gall and soot in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so.

In this guise she marched on towards the Moderns undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine B—ntl—y, W—tt—n's dearest friend. "Brave W—tt—n, (said the goddess,) why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of the day? Away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth; which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half over-turned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutered him, she vanished in a mist; and the hero perceived it was the goddess, his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave Ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. * * * * * * *Hic pauca desunt.* They bore the wounded Aga* on their shields to his chariot. * * * * * *Desunt nonnulla.*

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious

* Doctor Hervey, it was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to imitate that he was wounded; other Moderns are spared by the *hiatus* that follows probably for similar reasons.

men, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow; which missed the valiant Modern, and went hissing over his head. But Des Cartes is hit: the steel point quickly found a defect in his head piece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex. * * * * * * * * * * *Ingens hiatus hic in MS.* When Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert* advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or light. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour;† madman! who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength. Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground; there to be trampled and choaked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout Modern; who, from his father's side, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race.‡ He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew W—sl—y, with a kick of his horse's heel. He took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle; with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour, completely fitted to his body. He was mounted on a dapple-gray steed; the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour; when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding, of a monstrous size, appeared a foe issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons: but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot; which, though it made slow advances, yet caused

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant.

[† *Vid. Homer.*]

‡ Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detracters said, he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill.

a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within a throw of a lance; when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizard of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within; which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head; which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern periwig: and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good Ancient, called him Father: and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes,) though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves,* the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worse than his own. Then they agree to exchange horses; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * * * * * *Alter hiatus in MS.* * * * * * * * Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse, of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list, over the field. He made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Bl—ckm—re, a famous Modern, (but one of the mercenaries,) strenuously opposed himself; and darted a javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point.† "Brave Modern, (said Lucan,) I perceive some god protects you; for never did my arm so deceive me before. But what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed the Modern a pair of spurs, and Bl—ckm—re gave Lucan a bridle. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *Pauca desunt.*

Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening

[* *Vid Homer.*]

† His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet.

loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby; by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew ———, and ———, and Oldham, and ———, and Afra* the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light-horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce Ancient, imitating his address, and pace and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill, would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance; which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went by an unerring hand singing through the air; nor could the Modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus.† And now both heroes drew their swords. But the Modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropt from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape. At last he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, "Godlike Pindar, (said he,) spare my life, and possess my horse with these arms, besides the ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner."—"Dog, (said Pindar,) let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcase shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field." With that, he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched Modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet, the other half was borne by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus took, and washed it seven times in ambrosia; then struck it thrice with a sprig of amarant: upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers; and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot.

* * * * * * * * *Hiatus in MS.*

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued, forth, from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whose name was B—nt-

* Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems.
† His poem called the Mistress.

l—y ;* in person the most deformed of all the Moderns; tall but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it as he marched was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizard was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous qualitv of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand† he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the Modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing: which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause; but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of B—ntl—y, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to understand, that he conceived with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d——n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs the Ancients would long before this have been beaten out of the field. ‡"You, said he, sit here idle! but when I or any other valiant Modern kill any enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomsoever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." B—ntl—y having spoke thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour look, "Miscreant prater, (said he,) eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The maligni-

[* The episode of B—ntl—y and W—tt—n.]

† The person here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.

[‡ *Vid. Homer, de Thersite.*]

ty of thy temper perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous; thy study of humanity, more inhuman; thy converse among poets, more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable courts have taught thee ill manners; and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond, I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest, shall certainly be thy own; though I hope that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms.'

B—ntl—y durst not reply; but half choaked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved W—tt—n; resolving by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter of the Ancients' army. They began their march over carcases of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb; which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out guards, looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grasier; they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow. Meanwhile, the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked, at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflexion, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens: so marched this lovely loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when at distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to B—ntl—y. On he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the Ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. B—ntl—y would fain have dispatched them both; and stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; for both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same in

stant, though soundly sleeping and busy in a dream.* For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that as he and the Ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. B—ntl—y leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling W—tt—n.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stooped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipt all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast; but ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the spring.

At the fountain head, W—tt—n discerned two heroes. The one he could not distinguish; but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. W—tt—n, observing him with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself. "Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army! What renown should I purchase among the chiefs? But to issue out against him, man for man, shield against shield, and lance against lance,† what Modern of us dare? For he fights like a god; and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, Oh, mother! if what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils." The first part of his prayer the gods granted, at the intercession of his mother, and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind, sent from

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

[† *Vid. Homer.*]

fate, was scattered in the air. Then W—tt—n grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient; upon which, lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall. And W—tt—n might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged, that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple. He pointed first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods,* immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Arabian Desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to disdain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise; which echo, foolish nymph, like her ill judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal: so W—tt—n fled, so Boyle pursued. But W—tt—n heavy armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover B—ntl—y appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping Ancients. Boyle observed him well; and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilded; rage sparkled in his eyes; and leaving his pursuit after W—tt—n, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways.† And as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning;‡ if chance her geese be scattered over the com-

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Doctor Atterburry, afterwards bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and learning then called the Christ church wits.

[† *Vid. Homer.*]

† This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a

mon, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the campaign: so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First, B—ntl—y threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast. But Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took a lance, of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side by side, he wheeled him to right, and with unusual force darted the weapon. B—ntl—y saw his fate approach; and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body; in went the point, passing through arm and side: nor stopt, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant W—tt—n; who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs; so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you so.

And now, * * * * *Desunt Cætera.*

---

painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

END OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

A
DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

Mechanical Operation of the Spirit.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

For T. H. Esq; at his Chambers in the Academy of the Beaux Esprits in New-Holland.*

Sir,—It is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's church-yard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of A letter to a Friend. Nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, long schemes in philosophy, dark and wonderful mysteries of state, laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy, advice to parliaments and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present wear: (for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you

* Supposed to be Col. Hunter, author of the Letter of Enthusiasm mentioned in the Apology for the Tale of a Tub.

This discourse is not altogether equal to the two former, the best parts of it being omitted. Whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not: nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were written in; which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves than his relation.

will publish this letter, as soon as ever it comes to your hands :) I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribble it has been: that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style: and if any other modern excuses, for haste and negligence, shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois virtuosi*, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body; and assure them, I shall send an account of those phænomena, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of *Tobinambou* these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having dispatched what I had to say of forms, or of business, let me entreat, you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me if I make no farther use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

SECTION I.

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as, fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans: but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout Christians; and doubtless with good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease: yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, besides this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs

concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down, by way of common place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operations, already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the rider and the ass; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the letter as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward, instead of the term ass, we shall make use of gifted or enlightened teacher; and the word rider, we will exchange for that of fanatic auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is, to examine, by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts, or spirit, or light; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings, I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition: for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a fanatic strain, or tincture of enthusiasm; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those who know any thing of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some

fanatic branch: Such are the philosopher's stone, the grand elixir,* the planetary worlds, the squaring of the circle, the *summum bonum*, Utopian commonwealths, with some others of less or subordinate note; which all serve for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm, dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther upon holy ground: wherein, though it hath passed under the general name of enthusiasm, and perhaps arisen from the same original; yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter. This description will hold good in general: but I am only to understand it as applied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is, the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second is, the immediate act of the devil, and is termed possession. The third is, the product of natural causes; the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this Mechanical Operation of the Spirit that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this trade; producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art; which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which, in its

* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

original, was purely an artifice; but, through a long succession of ages, hath grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that among our ancestors the Scythians, there was a nation called Longheads,* which at first began by a custom, among midwives and nurses, of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and finding room above, shot upwards, in the form of a sugar loaf; and being diverted that way, for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Longheads; and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there rose a generation of men in this island, called Roundheads,† whose race is now spread over three kingdoms; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissors, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sex: which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature, at last, took the hint, and did it of herself; so that a roundhead has been ever since as familar a sight among us as a longhead among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning; secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject; and, having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general, upon the following fundamental, that the corruption of the senses in the generation of the spirit: because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used,

* Macrocephali.

† The fanatics, in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair, cut theirs very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, enquired who that roundheaded man was, and that from this incident, the distinction became general, and the party were called roundheads.

either to divert, bind up, stupify, flutter, and amuse the senses, or else to jostle them out of their stations, and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters, and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of manging the senses upon such conjunctures, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites. wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For it is positively denied by certain critics, that the spirit can by any means be introduced into an assembly of modern saints: the disparity being so great, in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, first, that the apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place, by which is meant, an universal agreement in opinion, and form of worship; a harmony (say they) so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, the spirit instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words, or phrases in their own. Lastly, (say these objectors,) the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a-top. For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the apostles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word spirit; which if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed: but the spirit we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And, upon the same account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity, to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration; than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther show in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phænomenon of spiritual mechanism, it is here to be noted, that in forming all working

up the spirit, the assembly has a considerable share, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows. They violently strain their eye balls inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of see-saw, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height; choosing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it so singular or improbable, as not to be traced in distant regions, from reading and observation. For first, the *Jauguis*,* or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of see-saw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial extacies, hath been derived to us from our Scythian ancestors,† where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a considerable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish, men and women, to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco, handed round the company; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh. At the same time, there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down, to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may observe their eyes turned up in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded; that imagination hath usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but, after a short pause, a small glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed, and fluttered like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is also at work: he begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through; this immediately returned by the audience; and you

[* *Barnier. mem. de Mogul.*] [† *Guagnini. hist. Sarmat.*]

find yourself prompted to imitate them, by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which the spirit would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the spirit, with relation to that part which is borne by the assembly; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

SECTION. II.

You will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this; that we worship God, and they worship the devil. But there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this distinction: rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to intend their devotions for some invisible power, of greatest goodness, and ability to help them; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two principles: the principle of good, and that of evil; which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things visible. How this idea hath been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserved to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our desires: that the former set them a praying, and us a cursing. What I applaud them for, is their discretion, in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts; nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white god, to cross or interfere with that of the black. Not so with us; who, pretending, by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess; after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dis-

positions than any rake-hell of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes; I laugh aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise disputes about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences come into men's minds from above or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

> Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
> Discernunt avidi.———

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy they make between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us. It hath continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were possession or inspiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity for every individual, to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand, if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little paltry mortal droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? Therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery, of vending spiritual gifts, is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

* * * * * * * * * * *

* * * *Here the whole scheme of spiritual me-*
* * * *chanism was deduced and explained, with an*
* * * *appearance of great reading and observation;*
* * * *but it was thought neither safe nor convenient*
* * * *to print it.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the

laudable practice of wearing quilted caps; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use. These, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife that covers her still with a wet clout for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes' Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal: That all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence; whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, the excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under: Farther, that nothing less than a violent heat can desentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth: That if the morsure be hexagonal, it produced poetry; the circular gives eloquence; if the bite hath been conical, the person, whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon the politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed, towards the composition and improvement of the spirit; for without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For it is to be understood, that, in the language of the spirit, cant and droning supply the place of sense and reason, in the language of men; because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words, according to the art of grammar, hath not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet composer, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense, before he can make it music. For this

reason it hath been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection when managed by ignorance; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*. But in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient towards the art of canting, is a competent share of inward light; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological pollysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related; the bearers of this light resembling lanthorns, compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles; which invention, Sir Humphry Edw–n, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, "Thy word is a lanthorn to my feet, and a light to my paths."

Now, the art of canting consists in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeably to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a single vowel to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints, to sob to the music of one solitary liquid. But these are trifles, when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall blow his nose so powerfully, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are disposed to receive the excrements of his brain, with the same reverence as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For the spirit being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of canting, philosophically, physically, and musically considered. But among all improvements

of the spirit wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which, under the denomination of snuffling,* hath passed with so great an applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least improvement or perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and has flourished in this island ever since, with great lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bagpipes; which, having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffling was not; when the following adventure happened to a Banbury Saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward: an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think, that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both; and sometimes the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit: adding, that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs, and when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully headstrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part, (a very natural effect of strong inspiration;) and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head: and as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying

* The snuffling of men, who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our dissenters do too much affect.—W. Wotton.

itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an idiosyncracy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flagelet is made by the stops. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the spirit: for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Strait, every pastor copied after this original; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it. So that I think it may be truly affirmed, the saints owe their empire to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read, how the Persian beast acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before.*

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, That there is in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm some real foundation for art to work upon, in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without: as lanthorns, which, the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal, working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate,

[* Herodot.]

shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them, as houses are said to be haunted when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of fanaticism, from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principal of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of fanatics in ancient story, are among the Egyptians; who instituted those rites known in Greece by the names of Orgira, Panegyres, and Dionysia; whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus, we shall not dispute at present, nor, in all likelihood, at any time for the future. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysius, and is the same with Bacchus.* Which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine: but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too literal an understanding; and because antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men who pretend to understand a book, by scouting through the index, as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace, when he had seen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny, by peeping in his breech. For at the time of instituting these mysteries,† there was not one vine in all Egypt, the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the Egyptian Osiris,‡ but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom or never drunk: for it is recorded of him, that he was the first inventor of the mitre;§ which he wore continually on his head, as the whole company of Bacchanals did, to prevent vapours and the headache after hard drinking. And for this reason (say some) the scarlet whore, when she

---

[* *Diod. Sic. l.* 1. *Plut, de Iside et Osyride.*]
[† *Herod. l.* 2.] [‡ *Diot. Sic. l.* 1. *et* 3.] [§ *Id. l.* 4.]

makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself; though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the Bacchanalian ceremonies* were so many types and symbols.

From which account, it is manifest, that the fanatic rites of these *Bacchanals* cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was in their processions, an entire mixture and confusion of sexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added, that they imitated Satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns, certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stript of all its types,† was performed in *puris naturalibus;* the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries; who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to communicate his Orgies‡ to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had castrated himself upon grief, for the loss of his wife.

Omiting many others of less note, the next fanatics we meet with, of any eminence, were the numerous sects of heretics, appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian *æra*, from Simon Magus and his followers, to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading; and comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularities of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest ravings; so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a centre, and

---

[* See the particulars in *Diod. l.* 1. *et* 3.]
[† *Dionysia, Brauronia.*] [‡ *Vid. Photium in excerptis e Conone.*]

that is the community of women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter; and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last fanatics of note, were those which started up in Germany, a little after the reformation of Luther; springing, as mushrooms do at the end of harvest. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others; whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation; and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety, through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision for the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanatics, in all ages, (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about;) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the Family of Love, Sweet Singers of Israel, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women; wherein they have so unanimously agreed: I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principal which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible, is of a corporeal nature. For the profounder chemists inform us, that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below; and thus the thorn in the flesh serves for a spur to the spirit. I think it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that when the Quakers first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them for the furor——Persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others the most amorous. For zeal is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug, or a hum; a sigh, or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences and repetition. These I take to be

the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity, than by the saints? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that in the height and *orgasmus* of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them * * *; immediately after which, they found the spirit to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened, by observing with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their outward mien; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think, the sex hath certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers, for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies' eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same pit is provided for both. And they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

Pray burn this letter as soon as it comes to your hands.

THE END.

that is the community of women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter; and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last fanatics of note, were those which started up in Germany, a little after the reformation of Luther; springing, as mushrooms do at the end of harvest. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others; whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation; and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety, through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision for the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanatics, in all ages, (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about;) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the Family of Love, Sweet Singers of Israel, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women; wherein they have so unanimously agreed: I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principal which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible, is of a corporeal nature. For the profounder chemists inform us, that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below; and thus the thorn in the flesh serves for a spur to the spirit. I think it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much as a tenuginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that when the Quakers first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them for the furor——Persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others the most amorous. For zeal is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling;* an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug, or a hum; a sigh, or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences and repetition. These I take to be

the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity, than by the saints? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that in the height and *orgasmus* of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them * * *; immediately after which, they found the spirit to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened, by observing with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their outward mien; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think, the sex hath certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers, for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies' eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same pit is provided for both. And they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

Pray burn this letter as soon as it comes to your hands.

THE END.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

Quarter Loan. Due
REC'D CHEM
SEP 26 1994
SEP 15 1994
Subject to Recall

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 031 992 1